

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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THIS MONTH BRINGS THE COMPANION TO ANOTHER BIRTHDAY—ITS 97TH..TO HAVE BEEN BORN WHEN ANDREW JACKSON WAS PRESIDENT; TO HAVE MARCHED IN STEP WITH EVERY GREAT INVENTION AND DISCOVERY SINCE THEN; TO FEEL—AT LEAST TO HOPE—THAT THREE GENERATIONS OF AMERICANS ARE PERHAPS A LITTLE BETTER FOR YOUR PRESENCE—ARE NOT THOSE GOOD BIRTHDAY CANDLES? THEREFORE THE COMPANION·REVERSING THE USUAL CUSTOM·WISHES ITS READERS MANY HAPPY RETURNS

ADVENTURE TALES IN MAY

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is famous for its tales of adventure. The five that it will print in May are notable for variety of scene, subject and incident, and all are thrillers. They are:

THE RELEASE OF OLD SHYNESS

The tale of a grizzly in Yellowstone Park

By Franklin Welles Calkins

THE WHOOP-LA MULES

The tale of a wild team and a forest fire

By Herbert Coolidge

WITH WATER AND NERVE

The tale of a boy, a mine and some bandits

By Hugh F. Grinstead

THE THIRD HELPER

The tale of a boy in the wheel pit of a power plant

By Irving P. Rodgers

MCCUNE POTS A COYOTE

The tale of dare-devil flyers and a smuggler's cave

By James S. Eldredge

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INTERNAL ANEURYSM

THE aorta, which is the primary artery leading out from the heart, is the usual seat of an aneurysm in the chest or the abdomen. Aneurysms of the branches of the aorta usually give no symptoms unless they rupture; then a fatal hemorrhage occurs. As a rule an aneurysm of the aorta gives no symptoms until it has grown so large as to press upon a neighboring nerve or on one of the organs in the cavity where it exists.

Pain is the most frequent and usually the earliest symptom. At first it is sharp and neuralgic, but later it becomes a constant dull ache. The pain is felt deep down in the chest or the abdomen or is referred to the back. In the chest it is sometimes like the pain of angina pectoris, and in the abdomen it may be mistaken for gallstone or kidney colic or even for appendicitis; but its persistence despite treatment will point to its true nature. A dropsical swelling of the neck or of the extremities, depending upon the position of the aneurysm and the vein that it presses upon, is not uncommon. Most of the other pressure symptoms of aneurysm of the aorta are to be observed when it is in the chest. Thus there may be shortness of breath of varying degree, caused by pressure on the air tubes or on the lungs or on the nerves of the larynx, which may result either in spasm or in paralysis of that organ; other symptoms arising from the same cause are changes of voice, cough and hoarse breathing. The pressure symptoms of abdominal aneurysm depend entirely upon the position and the size of the swelling and are those which any tumor in the same place would cause. Not infrequently the patient may be aware of pulsation, or the physician may find it, especially when the trouble is in the abdomen. Pulsation may also be visible when the aneurysm is near the surface.

In the treatment of internal aneurysm complete rest in bed and tranquillity of mind are essential, though often they are difficult to obtain. Of drugs iodide of potassium is the one most frequently given. In rare instances the aneurysm has been obliterated by coagulating the blood. Coagulation is induced by inserting a length of gold or silver wire that coils up inside the sac.

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THE INNKEEPER OF THE RHINE

ACROSS the Rhine, writes a contributor, a company of French engineers were building a pontoon bridge to join their restored province of Alsace with the German land on the other side, which France holds as a defensive bridgehead. One of the pontoons gave a lurch, and in a moment two French engineers were in the stream. Away the swift current swept them as if to certain death.

Just below them on the bank stood Max Fladt, the innkeeper of Kehl-on-the-Rhine, opposite Strasbourg. The two men were enemies of his country, and he knew that seven Germans had recently been condemned to death for damaging French property and were even then in prison at Mayence. Nevertheless, flinging off his coat, he plunged into the river. A strong man and an expert swimmer, he caught the two Frenchmen as they were passing him and brought them safe to the shore.

A day or so later Max received a visit from the French general in command, General Nichel. "Whatever you may wish for will be regarded as deserved and recommended to grateful France, who has received two sons back from the jaws of death," said the general. Max promptly asked that as his only reward the lives of his fellow countrymen lying in prison at Mayence under sentence of death might be spared.

The general replied that he would make the wish known in the proper quarter, and that he himself would give it his earnest support. In the attitude of those two men, the French general and the German innkeeper, lies the germ of peace and understanding.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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SPICED ADVENTURE

By Edmund Moberly

DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD SICHEL

HAVING eaten luncheon, Milton Saunders listlessly took his way down Central Avenue toward the Carbonville National Bank, in which he was employed as junior teller. There was ample reason for his listlessness, for Carbonville, a little mining town in the Pennsylvania mountains, was enduring the tortures of a hot day.

Milt's dragging footsteps finally brought him to the door of the bank, and his pace quickened as he entered and escaped from the enervating heat of the sidewalk.

"Ah! Here's our little Tommy Edison," was the greeting of Sam MacLane, the senior teller, as Milt appeared among his fellow workers. "The fan's on a strike again, Milt. See if you can't coax a breeze out of it, will you?"

With a damp handkerchief Milt mopped the perspiration from his brow and glanced in disgust at the electric fan perched upon the woodwork above his window. "It's pretty near time that old windmill was retired on pension," he grumbled.

"Not while we have a mechanical genius of your calibre round," said Mr. Marlin, the cashier, and laughed. "Every time I suggest a new fan President Bass says, 'See if young Saunders can't wheedle a few more revolutions out of the old one.'"

Milt produced pliers and screwdriver, which past performances of the ancient fan had caused him to keep at hand, and climbed upon the counter. Mr. Marlin's remark about Milt's genius was not altogether banter; the boy possessed a decided natural bent for mechanics. As he strove to repair the fan his disgust quickly vanished, and he became keenly interested in his task. The fan was not one of those modern machines that oscillate from side to side and waft their cooling breezes over a wide area; it was made on an antiquated model and sent an unvarying blast across the banking room toward the door of the vault. Its present ailment was not deep-seated; a few minutes of tinkering and the old fan was soon droning steadily at its task of agitating the warm air of the room.

"Ah!" sighed Sam MacLane as he allowed the comforting blast to play upon him. "Another triumph of mind over matter."

Since, owing to the torrid weather, the business of the bank was virtually suspended, Milt found time to turn his attention to a letter that had come to him addressed in care of the bank. From the envelope he drew a circular that described the pleasures of a winter cruise in the tropics. The advertising department of the steamship company that had sent the letter had drawn heavily upon the colors of the spectrum and the flowers of rhetoric in making it seductively appealing, and Milt was at once interested. To the young bank clerk the call of the far places of the earth was loud and insistent. Sam MacLane paused at

his elbow, and Milt directed the older man's attention to the gaudy sheet on the counter before them.

"Smiling summer sun—languorous warmth of the tropics," quoted MacLane. "Humph! Why go to the Caribbean Sea? And why wait until next winter? You can step outside the front door of this bank right now and find more smiling summer sun and languorous tropical warmth than any man will ever want!"

"Not more than I'll ever want," replied Milt. "Cobalt seas and turquoise skies, palm trees and exotic flowers, white beaches, flying fish, quaint cities and quainter people—all of them would look good to me!" Milt's eyes grew rapt as he thought of all the glories of the tropics.

The hurried entrance of Mr. T. Jefferson Bass put an end to further conversation between the two. The president's usual air of dignified complacency was missing; concern showed in every line of his round face. "I have just received a message that the Weaverdale Bank was robbed this morning," was his agitated announcement.

Mr. Bass's words drew the employees of the bank into an interested group round him.

"It was probably the same gang that committed the Pen-Mar and Rockwood robberies," the president continued. "At least they used the same methods. There were two bandits. One of them held the banking force at bay with a pistol while his companion looted the tellers' cages and the vault. They escaped in an automobile and were well out of the town before pursuit could be organized."

"Whew—Weaverdale!" exclaimed Sam MacLane. "That's getting pretty close. We'll look up from our labors some day and find ourselves peering into a couple of guns."

"I hope you are a poor prophet, MacLane," said Mr. Bass. "Still it's a contingency—a remote one I hope—that we must face. And if you ever do find yourselves subjected to such an attack, I trust you will undergo no needless risks in attempting to frustrate it. Remember that the bank asks you to be vigilant, but not foolhardy."

"The old man is a prince!" said MacLane to Milt as the president retired to his private office. "I'd be willing to take a long chance to help him out. But what could a fellow do? I discovered in France that the wrong end of a gun has a paralyzing effect on a man's initiative."

The robbery of the Weaverdale Bank raised a great hue and cry in the region in which Weaverdale and Carbonville are situated. There was much running to and fro by sheriff's deputies and state police, but all their efforts to apprehend the bandits were fruitless.

In the Carbonville National Bank everyone was tensely vigilant. This latest crime, coming as the climax of a succession of daring robberies of banks and pay wagons in the coal fields thereabouts, caused Milt and his asso-



He shot his fist out straight at the man's chin

ciates to look with suspicion on all strangers who appeared at their windows.

One morning several days after the affair at Weaverdale Sam MacLane, arriving at the bank shortly before the opening hour, found Milt busily at work upon the electric fan. "Good morning, Saunders," MacLane greeted him. "You haven't been tinkering on the old breeze maker all night, I hope."

"Oh, no," said Milt with a grin. "I've been here only a few minutes."

"What's that contraption you're rigging on it?"

Milt surveyed the result of his labors judicially. To the back of the iron motor-housing of the fan he had with twisted wires affixed a slender stick of wood. The stick stood in a vertical position, and to the end of it, several inches above the arc of the fan blades, he had fastened a small pasteboard box. To the bottom of the box was attached a fine, black cord that led downward along the wooden column upon which the fan stood, and that then disappeared through a narrow slot in the woodwork where the counter and the column joined. Milt smiled.

"Just a little idea of mine to help the old cripple earn its salt," he replied.

"Well, I hope you understand what you are doing; I don't," was MacLane's comment as he turned away.

After the senior teller had departed Milt transferred his labors to the space beneath the counter. To the dangling cord that came through the slot he attached the end of a thin, flat piece of wood and arranged the stick so that the end to which the cord was tied hung three inches above the floor; the other end rested upon the floor near the legs of his stool. Then as the hour for beginning business arrived he transferred his attention from fans to finance.

The terrific hot spell lingered. Days lengthened into weeks with no perceptible abatement in the fury of the burning sun. Nothing new had occurred in connection with the looting of the Weaverdale Bank, and the drought that followed the torrid weather soon became the main topic of discussion.

Like the ancient Assyrians, the bandits came down like wolves on a fold.

It was a stifling afternoon, and Milt was listlessly tabulating some figures upon a ruled sheet on his counter when he started at the sound of a strange, cool voice behind him.

"Don't move, gentlemen," said the voice. "It's the Carbonville National's turn to make a forced loan."

Milt whirled and came to his feet.

"Easy there, young fellow," was the sharp command. "Stay right where you are!"

Milt stiffened. Mr. Marlin and Sam MacLane sat in their places in attitudes of petrified astonishment.

Before the open door of the vault stood the intruders. One of them, the spokesman, was a dapper, flashily-dressed little man with a hawklike nose and a pair of cold blue eyes. At his elbow was a swarthy, apelike creature whose face wore a snarling grin. Both tallied with the descriptions of the pair that had perpetrated the Pen-Mar and Rockwood robberies. Each had wicked-looking, dull-blue automatic pistols. The swarthy man also carried a leather traveling bag.

"In the interests of safety first I must ask you gentlemen to put up your hands," continued the smaller bandit. "Up!" The command was accompanied by a suggestive wave of his weapon.

"Clean the vault first, Tony," he said to his companion. "We'll take the stuff at the counters later."

The avaricious grin on the second desperado's face widened as he turned and entered the vault.

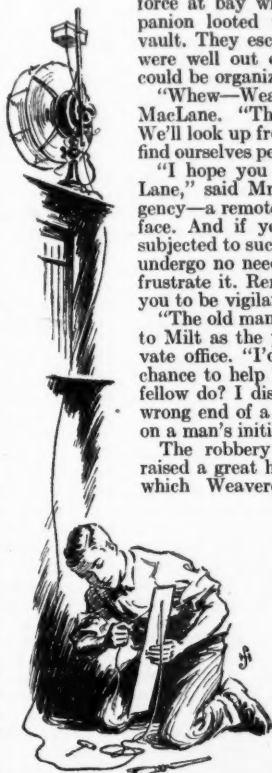
In the breathless period that followed Milt as he looked round him felt that the scene could not be real. Then a dull ache began to creep into the muscles of his stiffly erect arms and changed to sharp agony as the leaden moments dragged by. In the unnaturally quiet room the drone of the electric fan above him seemed almost a roar.

"A hot day, isn't it, gentlemen," said the bandit after an interminable wait. "I appreciate your forethought in having a fan so placed that it cools my fevered brow while I'm compelled to stand here."

Milt slowly allowed his weight to settle upon his right foot. Stealthily, almost imperceptibly, he began to slide his left foot backward until it finally came into contact with the flat stick that he had placed beneath the counter. With infinite caution he set his heel upon the stick and began to transfer his weight from the right foot to the left.

Suddenly a sharp *plap!* came from the fan above him, and the bandit clapped his hands to his eyes, uttered a howl of pain and then sneezed violently.

Milt sprang forward. In two bounds he was upon the criminal. With a savage wrench he tore away the pistol, which the man was still claspings in one of the hands that were pressing his eyes. In almost the same motion he shot his fist out straight at



the man's chin and as the fellow reeled from the blow shoved him with all his might through the door of the vault and into the arms of his partner, who had started to come out. Both desperadoes crashed to the floor in a heap.

By that time Sam MacLane, trained to war's alarms in France, was at Milt's side, and together they swung shut the heavy door of the vault and twirled the hand wheel that shot the bolts. And then in the sudden relaxation of tension both gave way to paroxysms of sneezing in which Mr. Marlin heartily joined them. With one accord all three hurried to the outer air.

"Whuff!" gasped MacLane when they reached the sidewalk. "What happened?" "Tell you—after I notify the police," replied Milt, choking between sneezes, and started toward the hardware store across the street.

In the store Milt quickly telephoned the headquarters of the local detachment of

state police and in a few minutes rejoined his friends in front of the bank.

"Well," demanded MacLane, "what happened?"

"You know that little white box I fastened on the fan?" said Milt as he wiped his streaming eyes.

MacLane nodded and sneezed.

"Well, the string that hung from it led down to a stick under the counter," continued Milt. "I managed to get my foot on the stick, and that pulled the string and yanked the bottom out of the box."

"And what did that do?" demanded MacLane.

"That dumped about two ounces of red pepper into the blast of the fan," replied Milt, chuckling. "In the Weaverdale and Pen-Mar and Rockwood robberies one bandit entered the vault while the other remained outside. Our fan pointed directly toward the door of the vault, and when I rigged it up I hoped that, if we had a hold-up,

they would follow their usual programme and at some stage of the proceedings the outside man would get into the fan blast."

"He did all right!" declared the teller. "And into a bunch of grief besides! By the way this car standing here at the curb with the engine running must belong to our visitors in the vault. They won't need it for a while; I'll just switch off the ignition."

A short time later two state policemen drew up at the curb in an automobile.

"Was the time clock on the vault set, MacLane?" asked Mr. Marlin as the troopers alighted.

"No," was the reply. "If it had been, we'd need an undertaker about nine o'clock tomorrow morning instead of the gentlemen who have just arrived."

Next morning Milt was summoned to the private office of Mr. Bass. In company with the president were all the directors of the bank, and all were grinning.

"Good morning, Saunders!" exclaimed

Mr. Bass. "The directors and I have called you in here to thank you for your amazing part in the capture of 'Educated Eddy' Bartel and Tony Banzoni, two criminals who have long been thorns in the side of the banking fraternity of this state. We feel that such initiative as you displayed should be rewarded, and we have voted you a substantial increase in salary."

Milt stammered his confused thanks.

"Also," continued the president with a benign wave of the hand, "we desire to confer upon you a further mark of our esteem. We learn from a reliable source that you have bent a yearning ear to the seductive call of the tropics. Therefore it is our pleasure to invite you to take a six weeks' cruise in the Caribbean next winter at the bank's expense and to grant you leave of absence with full pay while you are doing so. We hope, however, that your tropical adventure will not be so highly spiced as the one through which you have just passed."

FIGGY DUFF POT By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

Chapter Four. Kathleen's warning

SNARLING like a dog and with his murderous gaze fixed on the threatening stone in Corney's poised right hand, the skipper advanced reluctantly toward Mr. Brown. The sailor, sorely puzzled and at the same time unpleasantly impressed by the lad's words and the skipper's changes of manner, made a swift grab. He missed the skipper by an inch, as Dikeman ducked, turned and ran like a hare into the gloom of the deep rear of the store. Corney hurled one stone and, dropping the other, dashed at the big sailor and rushed him backwards through the open door and on to the sunlit wharf.

"What in thunder?" protested Brown.

"Come away, sir!" exclaimed Corney.

"Come away home wid ye!"

Brown followed him across the narrow wharf and down the weed-hung ladder into the old skiff. Corney cast off quickly, manned the oars and pulled out with all his might. Halfway across he relaxed his efforts, and the look of strained anxiety on his face was replaced by a smile of relief. "Out of the trap, sir!" he exclaimed. "Anudder second an' he'd sprung it!"

"What trap?" asked the sailor doubtfully.

"A deat' trap anyhow," replied the lad seriously. "I was watchin' him, sir, t'rough a corner of the windy, an' I spied it in his eyes. He was whinin' an' lyin', sir; an' then all of a sudden he t'ought he had ye in his black power, sir! Aye, he beed all ready to spring the trap, whatever the manner of it might be; and 'twas then I lep in wid the two rocks in me fists an' bust his divilry all abroad."

"But what could he do? I could handle five like him at once. I was ready for him."

"Aye, sir, but he'd queered ye in less'n anudder second for all that! I bain't sayin' how he'd done it, but it was in his eye an' on his lips! Maybe Barney Toon beed hid somewheres wid a gun p'inted at ye. I bes as sure of the peril, sir, as I bes of the Lord

in Heaven, even if I bain't able to name ye the particular shape an' manner of it."

"I'm inclined to agree with ye, lad. The change in his look and talk didn't escape me, ye may lay to that; but I'm slow to scare. I wouldn't be surprised if ye're right about Barney Toon. That's a bad-lookin' old man, that Barney! And Dikeman had the air of one waitin' for somethin', waitin' till everything was ready. Well, Corney, I'm glad ye hustled me out of it and much obliged."

They said nothing to Dick Conway or to young Norman either about the adventure in the morning or the interview with Dikeman in the afternoon. Brown questioned the Conways about the Dikeman household: the son Denis, now north trading in the fore-and-after, the daughter Kathleen and old Bridget and Barney Toon. He learned that Denis was like his father, that the girl had spent so much of her young life away from Figgy Duff Pot that folk knew little of her beyond the fact that she looked as her poor mother had looked in the old days, and that the old Toons were not popular in the harbor. The Toons, brother and sister, were still considered as strangers, though they had come to the Pot with the skipper and had been there ever since. Barney had never fished or sailed with the fore-and-after, but had always worked round the premises ashore. People considered him as being no more than half-witted, and harmless despite his sly looks. He seldom ventured a remark in public, and his sister and the skipper and Denis always addressed him as a child and a stupid and naughty one at that—in public at least.

The sailor had a revolver and a few rounds of ammunition in his sea chest, and after a great deal of urging by Corney he transferred them to a pocket of his coat.

Next morning found the sailor and the caribou tamer on the barren again; Brown was armed with the pistol, and Corney with his father's sealing gun, a muzzle loader of formidable length and weight. The lad had found only enough powder in the cabin for one charge and only one percussion cap

and no bullets; but he had pounded an old pewter spoon into a deadly slug, and now he nursed the loaded weapon in both arms as if it were as precious and tender as a baby.

Fishing for trout was their business this morning; Mr. Brown was a keen angler. But Corney was taking no chances of losing his friend by a shot from ambush. So while Brown angled to his heart's content the boy sat on a high nob of rock that overlooked the pond and the surrounding country and held the old sealing gun across his knees. The lad's keen eyes distinguished every movement of spruce tuck and green covert within five hundred yards of his post, and his keen brain questioned it; and at the same time he saw half a dozen deer feeding far off to the west, a red fox on a hummock half a mile to the south and gulls flashing like snowflakes in the sunshine along the eastern horizon. Anything as large as a man could not have approached nearer than five hundred yards of him, even on all-fours, without being seen.

The boy caught sight of a dark spot astir on the barren away in the direction of the hidden harbor. It moved without hesitation, sometimes partly concealed and sometimes lost for a little while in the inequalities of the rugged ground, but always reappearing and ever drawing nearer to the lookout on the rock above the pond. At a mile off when it showed full for a moment on a hump of gray rocks Corney recognized it for a man. Whoever the man was, and whatever his business on the barren, he made no effort at concealment. He approached swiftly, disappearing frequently and reappearing always on the same course. He was unarmed as far as Corney could make out; he did not carry a long gun—that was sure. He paused on top of a knoll and waved his hand, and it was then that Corney recognized him as old Barney Toon.

Corney glanced down at the little copper cap on the nipple of the old gun across his knees. It was there in exactly the right place for firing. Barney waved again; there was no mistaking the object of his signal, but Corney did not reply to it. Barney came on, but now in evident doubt of the nature of his reception; he paused often to flourish one arm or both, and he always kept conveniently near a bit of cover. He had the air of a man who is ready to dodge in the flash of an eye.

"He bes up to some trickery," reflected Corney, raising the hammer of his gun and softly lowering it again.

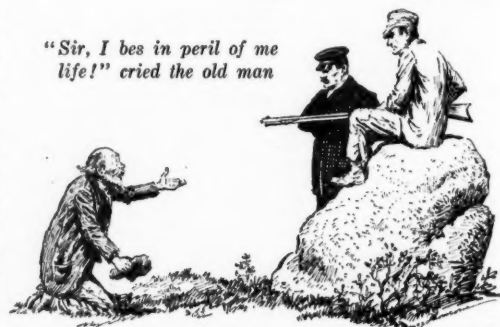
When Barney was within one hundred yards of the lad he crouched behind a rock with only his head showing. "What bes ye after wid the big gun, Corney Conway?" he cried.

"Huntin' trout. What bes ye after yerself?" replied Corney.

"Ye wouldn't let 'er off at poor old Barney now, would ye, b'y? Ye wouldn't be up to no pranks wid poor Barney Toon?"

"Ye come a long ways to talk foolishness, if that bes all ye got to say. What for would I shoot ye? I got the gun here for the

"Sir, I bes in peril of me life!" cried the old man



crawlin' murderer who took a bang at Mr. Brown yesterday. Come on out of that, Barney Toon, an' tell what ye bes after now, or maybe I'll suspicion ye for the murderer an' shoot yer poor head all abroad."

"I heard tell of that divilment!" cried Barney, sidling into full view and continuing his cautious approach. "Aye, skipper himself told me. An' it bes Mister Brown I's come to see now, b'y, wid a story to break his kind heart."

The sailor, who had ceased his angling at the first word of the shouted conversation, now appeared beside Corney. "Come up here and tell yer story like a man!" he cried. Barney increased his speed to a heavy run, and when he was within a few paces of Mr. Brown and Corney he sank to his knees.

"What the mischief's eatin' ye?" demanded the sailor in a voice of puzzled disgust.

"The gun bes cocked," said Corney quietly.

"Sir, I bes in peril of me life!" cried the old man. "I bes fair distracted wid it; an' here I bes—aye, even if Corney shoots me dead for it!—a-beggin' for marey on me two old knees!"

"Get on to yer feet then!" retorted the sailor. "Stand up and look like a man, or make a try at it anyhow. Peril? Mercy? What's eatin' ye?"

Barney rose and stood meekly with bowed head. "Sir, if ye leaves me in the clutch of the skipper when ye sails away, me innocent old blood wid surely be on yer head, sir," he lamented. "Aye, sir, I tells ye the trut'! He bes after killin' me the first chance, sir, an' all for me puttin' me mark to the foot of that scrip 'ye made 'im write down!"

After a brief silence Brown asked, "What good would that do him? Yer mark's there, witnessin' his signature, and it again witnessed by him. Killin' won't undo it. I've got the paper safe enough."

"'Twould ease his black spite agin me, sir," replied the old man, shooting his queer glance from the sailor's face to Corney's and down at the sealing gun and lower at the ground and then all round the horizon. Yes, they were queer eyes, round and staring and expressionless as a cod's just now, but expressive enough sometimes, and sometimes red in their depths like a wolf's. "Ye bes a great man, sir, fierce and powerful an' far above the reach of his spite, but I bes poor an' weak an' his sarvant."

"Man, I don't like yer looks!" exclaimed the sailor. "No, nor yer manners! Maybe what ye say is true, but ye reason too well

What he saw was Kathleen Dikeman



for a half-wit and look too crazy for a sane man. There ye have it straight! And let me ask a question. If I'm too high and mighty for that thievin' master o' yers to harm, why the mischief did he try to kill me? And where were you yesterday mornin'?"

"Meself, sir? Wid the skipper at the store—aye, an' wid Bridget—an' maybe back among the rocks a spell, but that bain't clear in me mind. There bes holes in me mind, sir, an' t'ings drops t'rough. I might shoot a gun at ye, sir, an' have no knowledge of it next day. But where would I get the gun? An' why for would I shoot at the man I looks to for the salvation of me life?"

"Ye're deep, Barney Toon!"

"Aye, sir, there bes dept's to me would amaze ye."

"Not me, Toon, for I guess ye've been overrated as a harmless idiot in Figgy Duff Pot. Ye ain't such a fool as ye look, I wouldn't wonder! As to harmless? Man, ye don't look to me a mite more innocent and harmless than that murderin' liar Dikeman himself! Corney, what d'ye think of him?"

Corney said no word, but touched a finger significantly to his forehead.

"But d'ye believe that yerself, lad?"

"Aye, sir, an' why wouldn't I? He plays at t'ings like a child, sir. I's seed 'im at it wid me own two eyes, sir, playin' among the rocks wid bits of shell an' weed an' colored pebbles."

"It's hard to believe it, lookin' at him," said the sailor. "But it's so if you say so, lad. Yet if he's as worthless as all that, not able for a man's work, what does the skipper feed him and keep him around for? Not out of charity, I bet a dollar! Toon, why does Dikeman feed ye and put clothes on yer back if ye're as worthless as everybody says?"

"Wort'less?" cried the old man. "Wort'less, d'ye say? Me, Barney Toon? No, sir, I bain't what folks pertends to t'ink me! I bes only half-witted, sir, I grants ye, but for sweepin' out a room or scrapin' out the pots for Bridget there bain't my equal on the coast."

Mr. Brown and Corney exchanged smiles. Against an instinctive distrust Mr. Brown was convinced that the old man was as foolish and harmless as the folk of the harbor supposed him to be; and after a great deal more talk back and forth he believed the poor fellow to be actually in danger of losing his miserable life at the skipper's hands, and in the kindness of his heart he promised to take Barney away with him on a deep-sea voyage, though he wouldn't go so far as to guarantee him wages. To the sailor's embarrassment Barney wept with gratitude.

Corney Conway spent the next day alone on the barren, for Angus Brown was out in the skiff with Dick and young Norman. He didn't carry the old gun, for it was uncomfortably heavy, and he wasn't fearing any treachery toward himself. He sought and found his herd, which was now feeding five or six miles to the west of the little harbor, and wandered among the animals for the greater part of the day, caressing old friends and making new ones. The quick growth of the herd astonished him. One or more deer, sometimes a whole family, joined it every day, and for what reason he could not guess. He was pleased, but also he was worried. The trusting creatures evidently looked to him for something—for protection perhaps? But how could he protect them even from the guns of the harbor? By law they belonged no more to him than to any other man on the coast. He realized that under existing conditions he was of no more use to them than they were of practical value to him. Legally they were wild animals, no matter how tame they were with him, and therefore they were the property of the government, of the Crown, the same as wild land. But he knew that a man was entitled to a grant of wild land from the Crown, subject to certain conditions of settlement and improvement, and the idea came to him that perhaps the government would make a grant of wild animals under somewhat similar conditions. That seemed to him a bright idea, and he decided to act on it at the earliest possible moment after consulting with Angus Brown. At present a deer didn't belong to any man in particular until it was dead—and not then if Skipper Dikeman knew anything about it! But why shouldn't a man receive legal possession of a



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

living animal as well as of a dead one? Corney thought hard about it. One sure thing; with or without the authority of the government he would do everything in his power to protect his herd from the greed of Skipper Dikeman and the guns of his neighbors. Before the first snow and the annual issuing of powder and lead his herd should be far away in a place of safety, come what might of it. He would drive them out of the danger zone of Figgy Duff Pot before the old guns were loaded, even if he had to follow at their heels for days and beat them with a stick.

He was within half a mile of home, walking with his thoughts, and the sun was low on the distant hills, when he suddenly heard his name. He stopped dead in his tracks, and his grand thoughts went flying and scattering to nothing. The voice was unfamiliar, unknown, unlike anything he had ever heard before on that coast, and he raised his head and looked with a queer thrill of fearful expectation. He would have believed his eyes if he had seen a fairy, but what he saw was Kathleen Dikeman. She was standing a few paces from him to his left before a mass of tumbled boulders. He had glimpsed her several times from a distance since her return from school, but it was as much as seven years since they had met and spoken together.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," she said in evident agitation. "There's something I must tell you, Corney."

The lad recovered his composure instantly

and approached her. "I t'ought ye beed a fairy," he said, smiling.

She smiled back at that, but nervously. "It's about Barney Toon," she whispered. "He must not be allowed to go away with your friend! You must stop it—for your friend's sake. It would be—would be murder to let him go!"

"Murder, Kat'y? Who'd get murdered? Mr. Brown wouldn't harm 'im."

"My father is sending the old man. It is all his idea, my father's. Now do you understand?"

"D'ye mean old Barney bain't afeared for his life? That he bes up to divilment?"

"I heard them plan it. Don't let him go! They want something your friend has, and Barney will kill him for it!"

"Holy saints!"

"Don't tell anybody, not even your friend the sailor. Don't tell of meeting me. Don't show a sign that you know anything, but stop that old man somehow at the last moment, so he won't have time to plot out anything else."

"The tricky, murderin' old squid!"

"Promise to stop him—and not to tell, not to breathe, my name! Promise me, Corney!"

"I promise it, Kat'y. The murderin' divils!"

The girl covered her face with her hands and began to weep.

"Now don't ye cry," pleaded Corney, who was quick to understand. "Ye've done a good deed this minute, an' maybe the skipper bain't as bad at heart as he acts; an' when I stops old Barney 'twill be like yerself savin' Mr. Brown's life. There bain't naught for ye to cry about, Kat'y. Yer fadder'll maybe quit his t'evin' an' murderin' some

day, an' then he'll be as good a man as any on the coast. An' ye bes a grand good girl yerself wid yer heart as full of kindness as yer face bes full of beauty."

The girl lowered her hands and looked at him with wet eyes. His gaze wavered before hers. He looked east and west and north.

"How you must hate the name of Dikeman!" she exclaimed. "How you must despise me, Corney! I was ignorant of my father's dishonesty until a few days ago, but now I realize that I have been raised on stolen food and educated with stolen money! It is bitter knowledge! And I am a coward! I haven't said a word at home of what I know, for I am afraid of my father and Barney Toon. Tell me that you despise me, Corney Conway."

"Despise ye?" cried Corney. "Heaven forbid! For 'twould be a black lie if I said it! Despise bain't the word, Kat'y."

She brushed a hand across her eyes. "I must go now," she whispered. "I must get home before they miss me." She hesitated with her bright, disturbed glance on Corney's face. "But I must beg a favor of you," she continued. "Please ask your friend to give my father another chance to—be honest—to act honestly, at least. He doesn't deserve it, but—"

"He promised him anudder chance, one more, but if he heard of this new trickery—"

"Give him one more chance! Save Mr. Brown from Barney without telling what I've told you. Will you do that, Corney? Give my wicked father just one more chance? For my sake?"

"Aye, if it can be done widout peril to Mr. Brown."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SECOND MATE

By Ruth Tousey

DRAWINGS BY JOHN GOSS

"ANY girl, even a first-rate little sailor like Janey, would be a nuisance on our long cruise, father. Hadn't she better stay at the cottage when we try for Newfoundland?"

The uneasy pitching of the yacht at her anchor waked Jane every little while. As she snuggled in her berth she was aware of sounds overhead that threatened storm, but she was thinking dimly of what she had overheard her brother say the day before: "Any girl would be a nuisance on our long cruise."

Jane was indeed "a first-rate little sailor." Although she was only fifteen years old, her friends the native fishermen boasted, "Skipper Janey can handle her twenty-one foot sloop better than any man along our bit of the Maine coast."

Her brother Peter was unmistakably proud of the cups that she had won in local races. Her father rated her second mate aboard his yacht; Peter was first mate.

How proud Jane was of this forty-five foot Isis! She thought the Isis with her weatherly bow, her glossy black sides, her perfectly-fitting sails and her glinting brass the finest yacht in any fleet. She was especially proud of the way the craft could carry sail when others had to be reefed down.

More than in anything else in the world Jane delighted in cruising. In her own tiny stateroom aft the main cabin she always thrilled to be waked at sunrise by the chuckle of water overhead as the man washed down the decks, or by the rattle of stove lids as he started a fire in the diminutive range in the fo'cas'le. In the early morning sunshine it was always a joy to climb up the companionway to see the harbor the Isis had made the evening before and to watch the



Peter caught a rope that dangled over the side

other yachts and the fishing boats. Generally she and Peter would dive from the deck and swim once or twice round the Isis.

After breakfast her duty was to make the cabin shipshape while the sails were being hoisted. She had to be careful to stow anything that could get adrift and slide if the yacht should lie far over during the day's run. It all seemed to her an ideal way to keep house. It is true that the main cabin was not so big as the inside of a Fifth Avenue bus, but it had comfortable sleeping accommodations for four persons. Any amount of stuff could be stowed away out of sight in lockers. Mahogany woodwork, transom mattresses and pillows upholstered in dark red plush, swinging lamps, mirrors, a shelf of sea stories and Peter's accordion made it the snugest place in the world. In the after part of the fo'cas'le she could cook at a tiny range, reach supplies from the ice chest and dishes from their individual compartments in the china locker and pass them through to the table in the cabin without walking round at all. Once in a while in an unquiet anchorage the boat would move giddily and

make things slop over on the stove, but that was part of the fun.

Generally Jane would sit at the wheel as the men swung in the anchor and ran up the jibs. She did not know what a pleasant picture she made there in her sailor togs. Though she was slender, she looked splendidly sound and full of joy and courage. With her clear, deep tan and her brown hair and eyes glinting with golden lights, she was a pretty study in brown and gold. She liked to turn the spokes of the wheel over and feel the Isis careen prettily and then as the sails filled gather headway. She delighted in the uncertainty of not knowing whether the yacht would make five miles or a hundred in the day's run; it all depended on the wind. The Isis had no auxiliary engine.—Jane's father declared that power spoiled the romance of yachting,—and the engine in the tender was not heavy enough for much towing. Jane enjoyed steering even in a fog when she might not be able to see beyond the bowsprit and had to keep northeast by east perhaps, dipping exactly on the line in the compass. She never was restless in a flat calm; she

thought it enchanting to sail gayly in a sapphire blue sea. But she was happiest when, although the mainsail was reefed, the yawl was lying over until the lee deck was deep in foam. It was thrilling to feel the spirited leap of the yacht up a great wave, the breath-taking plunge down the other slope and the sting of spray flying aft.

It was all delightful. Often in the late afternoon the Isis would run suddenly out of a seaway into a harbor so still that the water reflected the wooded shore exquisitely. When the sails were furled Jane would change to a white suit, and she and her father and Peter and the guests, if there were any, would row ashore to buy provisions and to explore. In the twilight all would sit on deck as the moon came up over a black hill and the riding lights of other craft made spears of flame down into the water. Later in the glow of the cabin lamp her father would read aloud an absorbing sea story. The delightful day would end with the second mate's dropping off to sleep in her snug berth, lulled by no sound louder than the faint creak of the wheel and the murmur of surf outside the harbor.

"One, two, three, four, five, six bells," Jane counted by the cabin clock. "Three o'clock." The Isis was jerking back on her anchor as if the harbor were already decidedly rough. Jane heard the rattle of chain and knew that the man was giving more scope to the anchor. Again with an ache at her heart she fell to thinking of her brother's words: "Hahn't she better stay at the cottage when we try for Newfoundland?"

Jane had cruised summer after summer for a week or two at a time up and down the Maine coast from Portland to Jonesport. She had never been on one of the long cruises. Generally two friends of her father's and one of Peter's, besides Hans, the man forward, made up the ship's company. Nevertheless, she yearned to go on the four weeks' cruise with a course laid from Mount Desert Island straight across to Yarmouth and visit for the first time the ports along the Nova Scotia coast to Newfoundland.

This year two of Peter's college chums were going. Father had said to Peter: "Isn't it about time our little second mate tried a longer cruise?" But Jane did not wish to urge him to take her if Peter was going to think her a nuisance. She knew he meant merely that she would tire of it, and moreover that "we men" would have to sail less boldly through tide rips and fog because there was a girl aboard. She was sure that nothing that the others dared would daunt her, and she wished Peter would believe it. She adored Peter, so tall and teasing and saving of words, but with such sea-blue eyes, such a charming smile and strong, lithe body. She was proud of his being almost as fine a sailor as her father. She longed ardently to have him say that he preferred her staying aboard and adventuring to ports where yachts were rare.

"Eight bells. Four o'clock." Jane heard Peter go on deck and presently the splash of the storm anchor. Her father was not aboard; he had been summoned to Boston the day before, and the three had sailed the Isis to this harbor where he could make connections with the steamer. He would join them again in another day. Jane remembered his saying that the harbor would be a bad berth in a southeast wind.

Through her skylight Peter called, "Want you on deck, Janey?"

She delayed only long enough to slip her bare feet into sneakers, button up her long oilskin coat over her nightgown and tie on her sou'wester. In two minutes she was on deck.

The outlook was fiercely stormy. The wind had shifted during the night and was sweeping through the exposed side of the harbor. Sky and water were battleship gray; the sea was streaked with flashing, seething whitecaps. The deserted wharves, the rocky slopes surmounted by the derricks of quarries and the forlorn houses dimly seen made a dreary picture. It was almost impossible to face the stinging rain. The yacht was plunging so violently that Jane steadied herself with both hands on a halyard. Other boats were showing a considerable expanse of underbody as they reared at their moorings. No more than a length astern the black horns of a reef gored the seas that raced across it.

Immediately Jane understood. The Isis had dragged in on her anchor. The storm anchor was out, but if it were given enough scope to hold on, the yacht would back down on the ledge. For the present she seemed to

have stopped dragging. The tide was high, but when it dropped a little the yacht was sure to strike. The situation was grave.

Jane gave no thought to herself. There was no danger to life, because the three could get ashore in the tender. What made her sick at heart was the thought of the beautiful Isis pounding to pieces on the rocks. She guessed what Peter, who was in charge of the yacht, must be thinking. This was the one time in a thousand when an engine would have been a blessing; it could have been kept turning over just enough to ease the strain on the anchor. The Isis was lying too near the reef to make sail and beat out to sea.

Jane could see no power boat large enough to give a tow. Several other craft were dragging. Up to windward perhaps six times the length of the Isis and somewhat to port a coasting schooner was riding at a permanent mooring, but the girl could see no sign of life on her.

"There's nothing to do but carry a line to that old hooker," said Peter. "I think it's against the law, but her mooring will stand it. Hans, you carry forward all the spare cable. Janey, steady the tender while I start the engine."

Jane watched her chance and scrambled into the small boat. It plunged so wildly that she had to use all her strength to hold it alongside the yacht. Peter cranked the engine. Contrary to its habit, it started immediately, but the propeller shaft caught the hem of Jane's nightdress fluttering under her slicker and, gobbling it up, dragged her into the stern. Peter tore her free, but the shaft had packed itself so tight with the

flimsy cotton that the wheel would no longer turn.

"Can you help row?" said Peter. Hans had a finger in a splint and was unable to help.

Jane sprang forward eagerly. They got out both pairs of oars and shoved clear of the yacht. It was a hard pull. In spite of Peter's powerful stroke and Jane's gallant help, it seemed as if they were making almost no headway. The little boat would lift half her length out of a wave and smash down on the next. Once side on to the waves, the tender would swamp. Sheets of spray drove across it. Astern trailed the rope that the man paid out from the bow of the yacht. When they finally reached the shelter of the coaster's stern Jane felt that she had no breath left. "Schooner ahoy!" shouted Peter. "Schooner ahoy!"

There was no answer. No ship's boat hung in the davits over the stern; evidently the crew were ashore. Peter caught a rope that dangled over the side and with the line from the Isis tied to his waist went up hand over hand.

Jane waited. Afterwards the musty smell of a coaster always brought to her mind the anxious minutes while she tried to keep the tender from banging against the heavy rudder.

Presently Peter reappeared and slid down the rope. "All fast," he said.

It was an easy matter to drop back to the Isis. Then Peter and Jane and Hans, who had to favor his crippled hand, got on the line to the schooner. When she veered toward them they heaved in all together. Sometimes they got a foot of slack pulled in

and belayed on the windlass; their united strength was equal to no more than that. More often they got nothing. It was hard to keep braced on the heaving, slippery deck.

For an hour they were at it. Then at last the Isis, hanging equally on her own anchor and the line to the schooner a hundred yards to port of it, rode safely clear of the reef.

Down in her stateroom Jane changed to warm, dry clothes. Her hands were raw, and she was still trembling with fatigue, but she was jubilant over the safety of the yacht. She was astonished to find that the engine in the tender had torn off all of her nightgown except the embroidery round the shoulders. Nevertheless, looking back at the exciting experience, she knew that she would not have missed a minute of it.

Weariness vanished when she slid to her place opposite Peter at the cabin table and drank a bowl of piping-hot tomato soup. It was a strange beginning to breakfast, but quickly prepared and comforting. The cabin was luxuriously warm and dry.

Peter beamed. "Good sport, Janey! We couldn't have managed without you."

That was all he said, but Jane knew that it was high praise, and she was radiantly happy—except for the ache of being left behind on the Nova Scotia cruise.

During the morning the wind veered round to the west and dropped. Under jib and jigger they worked the yacht to a better anchorage. Peter hunted up the skipper of the coaster, but could not persuade him to take any pay. "You couldn't have done no hurt," the skipper said to him.

The next morning their father and Peter's two chums came aboard from the steamer. Sailor fashion, neither Peter nor Jane related more than the barest facts about the blow.

As Jane sat rubbing the brass binnacle to a dazzling polish her heart suddenly seemed to swell and grow warm. Peter was talking to father in the cabin as they were figuring out a course on a chart. His words came up the companionway:

"Let's take Janey on the Nova Scotia cruise, father. I'm thinking we can't get along without our little second mate."

BUFFALO HORN *By* Frank C. Robertson

Chapter Ten The headdress of Buffalo Horn



SHORTLY after daylight the following morning Leander and I set forth for the Indian village. First, however, we made sure that the sullen chief of the Bannocks was in a position to do no harm. We gagged him, tied his hands together and stretched him out on his back between two fallen trees. It was cruel, but it was necessary; our only alternative was to kill him outright. Even so we were more considerate of him than he would have been of us in similar circumstances. We placed a shade over his head and to the best of our ability so arranged things that the flies and insects should not annoy him.

Buffalo Horn stood the treatment with true Indian fortitude, but when Leander deprived him of his headdress, the huge horns that he wore in his long black hair, he gurgled indignantly. I think he guessed to what use we intended to put them.

We had taken our horses to another clump of trees and staked them, though we cut several strands of each rope so that the

horses could easily break loose if we failed to return. We had moved them so that, if any passing Indian should find them, he would not stumble on Buffalo Horn. The discovery of the chief would mean death for us.

We walked up the cañon that I had been heading for when Brogan appeared. It had only a gentle slope, and a small creek chuckled peacefully down the floor of it. Two miles up the cañon it widened suddenly into a beautiful camas-covered basin defiled by rank after rank of smoke-smudged teepees.

Before we were halfway up the cañon, however, a party of young Bannock braves surrounded us. Seeing that we were not alarmed by their presence and were evidently on our way to their village, they did not molest us, but formed a silent escort.

We were welcomed to the village first by camp curs that barked and snarled at our heels and then in rapid succession by papooses, squaws and a sombre line of braves. My stained face and hands and white skin excited much cackling among the squaws and papooses. I had purposefully left my shirt open so that they would not mistake me for an Indian.

There are no finer specimens of physical manhood anywhere than the Bannocks, and the keen, intelligent faces of the Shoshone braves commanded our admiration if not our respect. The Indians made way for us reluctantly; there was no sign of friendliness on any of their faces.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, we made our way straight to the council house. At the entrance a tall old Shoshone chief confronted us. His hair was streaked with gray, and his face was as expressionless as so much granite. He was Chief Tageel, perhaps the most influential man of his tribe.

"We seek the head chief of the Fort Hall Shoshones and the leading subchief of the Bannocks. Where may they be found?" I said. My use of the word "subchief" let them know that we knew Buffalo Horn was not present.

"I am the head chief of the Shoshones. Bearskin speaks for the Bannocks. What seek white men in the camp of the Shoshones?" demanded Tageel coldly.

"Doe-som-pom-bi," I said, speaking the Indian name for "white hair" and indicating

Leander, "comes with a talk to the assembled tribes from the great war chief of the Bannocks, Buffalo Horn. Call your chiefs and subchiefs to the council house that the talk may be spoken."

"Why does the great war chief of the Bannocks send a white man to speak for him? Has he lost his voice, or have the braves who are with him become sick men that they cannot come in his stead?" demanded a harsh voice from inside the council house, and a moment later a huge Bannock stepped out.

I guessed that he was Bearskin, second in influence only to Buffalo Horn, unless you counted that nomadic wanderer and man of mystery, Big Foot, who, men said, was white or half white and half Cherokee or half white and half Shoshone, but who, no matter what his color, was wholly bad at heart. I was glad that Big Foot was not present.

"In the council house all will be explained," I retorted. "Doe-som-pom-bi does not speak like a chattering woman in the teepees to have his words scattered like the smoke from the campfires." Dignity is never out of place if you are dealing with Indians.

"Your words are good," said Tageel. "This is a grave matter, and not one to be given to the winds. The white men say serious things. They must prove their words, or the young men shall dance the war dance round their burning bodies tonight. Let the council be called."

We were conducted inside the council house and allowed to sit down. In a few minutes the chiefs began to string in until there were perhaps twenty of them. Last to arrive was Cunningham. In accordance with Indian custom about ten minutes were given to deliberation before Tageel formally opened the council.

"What message does Doe-som-pom-bi bring from the war chief of the Bannocks?" he asked.

Leander rose to his feet, and his eyes traveled slowly over the circle of hostile faces and rested on Cunningham; the renegade fidgeted furiously. With his tall, straight figure, his long gray hair and beard, and his every motion expressing forbearance, the old mountaineer was an impressive speaker. The only drawback was that he was

compelled to speak in English, which I translated into Shoshone.

"The talk that I bring is that the great war chief of the Bannocks sees a dark cloud hovering over his people and their friends the Shoshones. It is a cloud that has been brought over them by a man whose skin is white, but whose heart is neither white nor red, but black. It is a cloud that Buffalo Horn has sent Doe-som-pom-bi to remove, that the sun may shine unobstructed on his people."

"No white man has brought a cloud over us—unless it comes today," Tageel said.

"Doe-som-pom-bi speaks of the man called Ovapuh by the red men and Cunningham by the whites," I added.

Cunningham's hand dropped to his revolver, but a sign from Tageel made him desist.

"Let the white man prove that he speaks for Buffalo Horn," Bearskin demanded arrogantly.

"He has no proof; his talk is wind!" cried Cunningham.

"We waste time. Produce the proof," said Bearskin sharply.

"I speak first, or the mighty chief of the Bannocks will know that his children would not listen to his words," Leander insisted stubbornly. If we yielded the least bit of ground, we both knew that our cause was lost.

As far as I could see it was lost anyway. Unquestionably most of the Indians were for destroying us then and there, but Tageel was troubled. Buffalo Horn, he knew, was a man of violent passions, and, if by any chance we were speaking the truth, he should have some uncomfortable explanations to make.

"If Doe-som-pom-bi refuses to show his proof, then at least let him say why Buffalo Horn comes not himself," said Tageel.

"Buffalo Horn is not here because he is a great warrior. He fights with General Howard against the Nez Percés, so he sends a white scout to speak for him."

"It's a lie!" Cunningham cried.

"Why does he not send one of his warriors who is known to us?" demanded Bearskin.

"He sends a white man so that his people may know that his talk is true," Leander declared sonorously. "And the talk is that his people must not go on the warpath against the whites, but must return to their homes at Fort Hall. It is the will of Buffalo Horn. Because the whites are not to be harmed he sends a white man to tell them."

An angry buzz ran round the circle, and half of the chiefs leaped angrily to their feet. Tageel and Bearskin alone kept their emotions under control. At a word from Tageel the noise subsided.

"This is not the word sent by the other white man, Ovapuh," Tageel remarked.

"Ovapuh would lead the Shoshones into a trap. He would make them the tool of the Nez Percés. Doe-som-pom-bi knows that Ovapuh talked long with Too-hul-hul-suit, the lying medicine man of the Nez Percés, before he came here. Did he bring any sign to show that he had authority to speak for Buffalo Horn?"

"He is known to us; you are not," Tageel said, firmly repressing Cunningham, who was trying to get at Leander.

"But I bring a sign from Buffalo Horn, and he has none," Leander proclaimed.

"You lie; you ain't got no sign!" Cunningham howled.

Leander gave me a signal, and I said dramatically: "Look, men of the Shoshones and Bannocks! Know that the brown beard speaks with a forked tongue, and Doe-som-pom-bi with a straight one!"

All eyes were fastened expectantly upon Leander. With a dramatic flourish the old mountaineer reached under his blanket and held aloft the headdress of Buffalo Horn.

There was a howl of rage. Unless the Indians accepted the buffalo horns as our credentials, we were lost. One glance showed me that our lives depended on the two leading chiefs. The rest were declaring that the horns had never belonged to the Bannock chief. Tageel recalled them to their dignity by reminding them that they were chiefs and not squaws.

Bearskin took the horns and examined them critically, and a look of disappointment crossed his face. There was some mark on them that told him they were genuine. As the Bannock in authority, he would be held responsible if Buffalo Horn's orders were disobeyed.

"The great war chief of the Bannocks is a mighty warrior," he said. "No man could take his headdress from him; therefore, it must be that he has sent the horns to us by the white men. We must act wisely in council."

"The words of my brother are very wise," Tageel concurred.



Leander had a grip on the arm that held the knife

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMPSON

"You fools!" roared Cunningham. "Can't you see that they have murdered Buffalo Horn?"

He had let his temper betray him when he should have been discreet.

"Let Ovapuh prove his words," Bearskin said coldly.

I grinned at the way the burden of proof had so suddenly shifted, but the grin vanished at Cunningham's next words.

"Send the white hair into the centre of the village with me. Form a circle round us and let it be that the one who survives speaks the truth."

"It is well," Bearskin agreed quickly, and the Indians yelled their approval. A fight to the death between two white men was to their liking, and, if Leander lost, they could excuse themselves to Buffalo Horn for not listening to us. They could say that because his medicine was weak they did not believe he spoke for Buffalo Horn.

I started to protest against the gross unfairness of an old man's being compelled to fight a man so much younger and larger, but my protests were drowned in the noise. The Indians wanted to believe the renegade in preference to Leander, for every one of them was keen for the warpath; victory by Cunningham would let them take to it.

"Let's run for it!" I whispered to Leander.

"No; it's got to be done," he said calmly. "If I can beat Cunningham, they'll know my medicine is strong, and they'll go home in peace."

A large circle formed, and braves, squaws and papooses scrambled for places to see. Both men stripped to the waist and ostentatiously deposited their weapons outside the circle. I noticed that Leander had one advantage; he wore moccasins, whereas Cunningham was encumbered with heavy cowhide boots.

The two men advanced warily until they were almost together. Then suddenly Cunningham drove a kick at Leander's stomach. Leander apparently had anticipated the blow, for he dodged back, and his hand closed over his enemy's ankle. The next second Cunningham lay flat on his back while Leander swarmed over him like a cat.

A cloud of dust obscured them for a moment, and when it cleared they were on their feet, firmly locked together. Then Leander got a cross hiplock and hurled the renegade over his head. Cunningham struck

the ground heavily and lay still, but Leander did not fall on him, for he knew that the renegade was only waiting for him to do so. In a moment Cunningham was on his feet. By that time it was apparent that Leander possessed enough skill at rough-and-tumble to offset Cunningham's superior strength.

They circled warily; then Cunningham

with both hands, whirled and brought the man's arm across his shoulder in a twist. Then he gave a tremendous heave. Cunningham's feet described a circle through the air. His shoulder was dislocated, and when he struck the ground the breath was completely knocked out of him. The knife flew ten feet away. Leander gave him a contemptuous dig in the ribs with his toe, but the renegade only moaned weakly.

Leander walked over and picked up the knife. "Who speaks for Buffalo Horn?" he demanded loudly.

Cunningham staggered to his feet and started to sneak away. The crowd, still dazed by the unexpected outcome of the fight, parted before him, and he was halfway to the brush before the Indians realized that he was trying to escape. Tageel issued a command, and the squaws and papooses took up the pursuit; the braves remained where they were. The renegade gained the shelter of the brush amid a shower of sticks and stones.

Leander came and stood before Tageel and Bearskin. "What word shall I carry to Buffalo Horn and General Howard?" he demanded. I repeated the question in Shoshone.

The two chiefs exchanged a few words in a low voice. Then Tageel answered with great dignity. "Doe-som-pom-bi has shown that his words are worthy of respect. The other white man's medicine was weak; therefore we know that he lied to us. We should have thought that our brother Buffalo Horn would have sent for us to help the Nez Percés, but doubtless he knows what is best. Tomorrow we move to Fort Hall. It is well."

A simple statement, but it meant victory for us! We had only one other request to make of the Indians; it was for Leander's roan horse Singer, which Cunningham had ridden. We did not claim him as Leander's property, but by virtue of the victory that Leander had won over Cunningham. They gave him to us.

We led the horse to where we had left our other horses and stayed there until dark, lest some Indian should be spying on us. Then I mounted Irish and led the rest of the horses back to the trail that Leander had come in on. After a time he joined me, driving ahead of him a now abject Bannock war chief.

We rode until after midnight. Then we camped in another almost inaccessible hiding place, which Leander with his keen woodcraft was able to pick out. In the morning we trussed up Buffalo Horn and climbed to the top of a mountain. About ten o'clock we saw a long, snaky trail of grimy dust bearing off to the south; the Indians were on their way to Fort Hall.

We remained in our hiding place for a week, until the Nez Percés had given up hope of being joined by other tribes and had swung back toward Canada. Then we gave the Bannock back his buffalo horns and the two horses that we had taken from his dead warriors and permitted him to go. He parted from us without a word. We did not care which way he went, for his hour for treachery was past.

We heard later that he rejoined General Howard and explained that he had been absent because he was preventing the Shoshones from joining the Nez Percés. We were not in the least envious, and in a sense the contention was quite correct.

Buffalo Horn deserted the army at Henry's Lake, and the next year he and Bearskin led the Bannocks on the warpath. Both were killed at the battle of Silver Creek, and then was removed the last menace to the settlers of the great Northwest.

THE END.

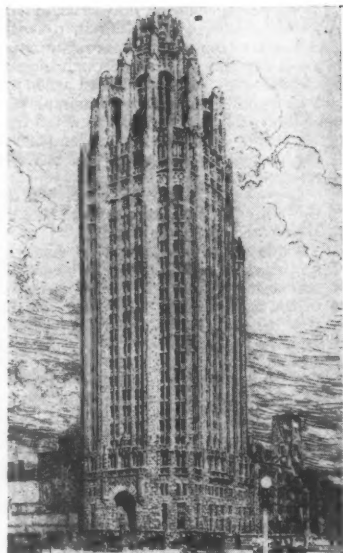
THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING INCONSPICUOUS

A VERY diminutive cockney, says the Tatler, was stalking deer in the Highlands. He had engaged the services of a tall and powerful gamekeeper. The day was warm, and the keeper, feeling irritated at the self-importance and ignorance of his little master, gave vent to his ruffled feelings by groaning at regular intervals at the midges that swarmed round him in myriads.

"I cannot understand," said the cockney patronizingly, "how the midges bother you so much. I haven't got so much as a single bite yet."

"Hoot, mon," replied the other contemptuously, "they maybe have na noticed ye yet."





The First Prize Design for the Chicago Tribune Building

FACT AND COMMENT

A MAN WRAPPED UP IN HIMSELF has a shabby cloak.

Spring, knowing that her Reign is all too brief, hurries the Blossom out before the Leaf.

A NEW REASON for being excused from jury duty was offered recently to a California court. Eleven jurors had been accepted and sworn in. The twelfth man glanced at the already well-filled box where the other jurors were seated and objected that he was fat, and that there was no room for him to sit. The objection was accepted as valid. The fat man was excused, and a thin one was sworn in.

THE SCHICK TEST and a method of immunizing persons who are susceptible to diphtheria have made the disease strictly preventable. Physicians are now attacking scarlet fever in the same way. Almost simultaneously with the news that one physician has discovered a test that detects susceptibility to scarlet fever comes word that another has found a serum that is both preventive and curative.

THE FOREST SERVICE points out that a permanent increase in the numbers of the elk in the Northwest, particularly round the Yellowstone, depends only on the character of the winter range. During the last three years the losses of elk in the forests of the Yellowstone have been negligible. The increase in the herds has been large, and a few more mild winters and good summers may remove all danger that they will become extinct.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD will henceforth be under the protection of the League of Nations. The International Bureau for the Promotion of Child Welfare has been working in Brussels under the auspices of thirty governments and of various national organizations, but with the consent of the members the Council of the League has authorized the concentration of all child-welfare activities in a special department of the League at Geneva.

LEAP YEAR once had a definite place in the social system. A law of Scotland of the fourteenth century read: "It is ordained that for each year known as leap year each maiden lady of high and low estate shall have liberty to bespeak the man she likes; and, if he refuses to take her to be his lawful wife, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one pound or less, as his estate may be; except if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, he then shall be free."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN when he was in England as an agent of the Colonies about 1760 put in trust one hundred pounds to be invested with accumulations for not less than one hundred and fifty years, after which the income was to become available as prizes for the most valuable contributions to the science of curative medicine. He expressed particular interest in the part that surgery, the nervous system and mental treatments play in promoting health, and on that basis the trustees have now made the first awards. One goes to a Japanese,

Fusakichi Omori, for a surgical treatise, one posthumously to Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz for his studies on the nervous system as a conductor of electrical energy, and one to Mr. Pierson W. Banning for his work on Mental and Spiritual Healing.

CORRUPTION OLD AND NEW

THOSE who like to trace historic parallels have probably been interested in the resemblance between the state of affairs in Washington today and the state of affairs there fifty years ago. Then as now there were charges of political and financial corruption, committees of investigation, court proceedings, scandals on the front pages of the newspapers and a general feeling of uneasiness concerning the extent to which high public officials might be shown to be immersed in the mess. It is noteworthy that both instances came only a few years after the end of a great and costly war in which the moral fervor of the people had been roused to a high pitch. Were both the lapses from integrity a reaction from the years of elevated public sentiment? Is it one of the evil effects of war that it always lowers the standard of honesty? Or by exhausting the moral vigor of a people does it give the unscrupulous politician his chance?

There is much that is depressing in the revelations from Washington, but it is encouraging to observe how much less serious the situation is than it was after the Civil War. We have not yet had to meet such a succession of disagreeable shocks as our fathers faced when the Credit Mobilier, the Whiskey Ring and the Star Route frauds were one after another exposed. A member of the Cabinet was impeached, and two departments, though the heads of them were not inculpated, were found to be full of corrupt officials. Two of the leading members of the House were publicly censured by their colleagues for their connection with the Credit Mobilier, and many other less important members were under heavy suspicion. A former Speaker of the House and a Vice-President were accused of improper conduct, and the investigation of the Speaker's affairs, undertaken by his political opponents, was quite as sensational as anything we have seen this year. The private secretary of the President was accused of participating in the profits of the Whiskey Ring. Though he was acquitted, the public still believed him guilty.

This hurried summary of the scandals that stirred the country fifty years ago will indicate how much more serious was the threat to public confidence in our government than any that we are called upon to meet today. That there has been reprehensible conduct here and there in Washington may be taken as clear. But the misconduct seems confined to a few public men and their satellites. Generally speaking, the government has been honestly carried on. Neither in Congress nor in the departments is there any evidence of epidemic corruption. The lowered moral tone seems to be not general but individual. We can still have faith in the Republic.

But this episode, like the earlier one, proves the value of character. There are some public men now, as there were then, who by years of transparent integrity have built for themselves an impregnable reputation; no one would listen to a whisper against them. There are others whose standing among their acquaintances is such that accusations against them are taken as probably justified even in advance of the evidence. Reputations have crumbled and will continue to crumble so long as the investigations continue, but they will be reputations that their owners undermined long ago. High office is a dangerous place for the man who lacks character. Nothing else will help him to keep his balance there for long, and the fall therefrom is a disastrous thing to undergo and a distressing thing to watch.

THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT

BY a vote that lacked only seven of being unanimous the Senate has started another proposed amendment to the Constitution—the twentieth. It provides that each newly elected Congress shall meet on the first Monday in January following its election in November, and that the President shall be inaugurated on the third Monday. The amendment also gives power to Congress to designate who shall act as President in the possible event that the

election should not be determined in the electoral college, and that a deadlock in the House of Representatives should prevent a choice before inauguration day.

We can imagine no reason for opposing the amendment except the inertia of settled habit. For one hundred and thirty-five years we have put up with a delay of four months between the election and the inauguration of our Presidents, and a normal delay of thirteen months between the election and the assembling of Congress. We have had numerous illustrations of the danger and the inconvenience that attend those delays and of the injustice of permitting an old Congress, which may have been rejected at the polls, to meet and pass important legislation after its successor has been chosen. But we have got along somehow under those disadvantages, and persons who value tradition above efficiency and fairness will perhaps object to any change. We cannot believe, however, that there are enough of them to influence many of the legislatures, and, if in the confusion that exists in Congress this spring the House of Representatives can find time to take any action at all on the amendment, we shall expect the bill to move forward by fairly rapid stages to adoption.

It is probably not needful to point out that the long delay at present existing between the election and the induction of a new administration was originally necessary because of the primitive means of travel in the eighteenth century. Under present conditions it is absurd.

THE NEED OF TALKING

SHY persons are nearly always embarrassed on meeting strangers by what they feel is the necessity of finding something to say. Usually they are unable to think of anything that is not flat and commonplace; and rather than utter a remark that they feel would stamp them in the stranger's mind as stupid they remain silent and wait for some one else to introduce a topic that will be of common interest. Sometimes relief of the desired sort is forthcoming, and sometimes it is not. When it fails the commonplace utterance seems finally less painful than a prolongation of the silence.

What the shy person seldom learns, however frequent the experience, is that commonplace speech may be as useful as brilliant epigram or scintillating wit—usually indeed more useful—in establishing a friendly relation with another human being. Talking as a means of impressing your individuality is not altogether dependent on the value of the thing said. The mere act of speaking, the play of the lips, the light that flashes from the eyes, the sound of the voice reveal the speaker as silence cannot reveal him. It would be absurd, of course, to minimize the importance of good talk, of having something genuine and interesting to say, but most persons, and especially most persons who are shy, do not emphasize sufficiently in their minds the value of opening a conversation in even the most trite and obvious way, with a commonplace or a triviality, if nothing better suggests itself. It is through such openings that sympathetic ideas and emotions often make their way from one mind or heart into another.

As everyone knows, there are some persons who when they are with others feel it incumbent upon them to be always talking. It is all right to begin to talk out of a desire to be companionable; it is all wrong to talk on and on and on for no other reason than a desire to be companionable. Once companionability is established, speech ceases to be an obligation; it comes spontaneously, and it ceases at will. In the society of a silent person a man can always take refuge in his own thoughts; in the society of an incessant chatterer there is no refuge.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

ALTHOUGH Americans have made creditable contributions to all, or nearly all, of the fine arts, they have not added much that is clearly original to the sum of artistic beauty. They have generally followed the schools. Innovators in many of the practical affairs of life, they have been a little timid about trying anything new in art, and when they have struck a fresh note they have found their originality much more readily appreciated abroad than at home.

But in one art, architecture, Americans are doing something different and striking. Perhaps that is because of all the arts architecture is the one that is most inevitably touched with practicality. Certainly the original quality of American architecture had its birth in the practical necessity of putting a great many thousand people on a comparatively few thousand feet of land in the lower part of Manhattan Island. To that necessity and to the discovery of the possibilities of steel construction we owe the "skyscraper," a type of building as characteristic of our time and of our people as the Greek temple and the Gothic cathedral were characteristic of more ancient days.

But the skyscraper itself is changed and changing. When it first appeared it was often awkward or "ginger-bready," because the architects clung to the old forms of design and decoration and made their tall buildings look like low ones drawn out by some mysterious power to an extravagant height. Then came the geniuses who began to treat the skyscraper as a great campanile, or tower, and we beheld the soaring grace of the Singer and the Woolworth building. Those creations justified the tall building even to the slave of tradition and marked a real triumph for the American architect.

The latest modification of the skyscraper is the result of new laws that have set a definite proportion that must be preserved between the height of any new building and the width of the street on which it is to stand. Above that point the building, if it is to be carried higher, must be set back a certain distance, and if it goes high enough a third and even a fourth set-back is required. Architects have met their new problem boldly. They have taken the pyramid rather than the tower for their model. They have sought for ways to express mass and solidity. They have discarded column and cornice and decorative detail. On the terraces that the required set-backs create they plan outdoor gardens. There is something about the grandiose massive simplicity of the style for which they strive that recalls the great, terraced palaces and temples of Babylon. These towering piles of steel and masonry have all the impressiveness of their tremendous size. They are not "pretty," or fanciful, or elegant. They express the solidity, the power, the pride of the great city. In them the American artist-builder has created something new and striking yet sincere and strong in feeling. Visitors from Europe find few of our sights so well worth seeing and studying as our newest skyscrapers.

NORTHERN LIGHTS EXPLAINED

WHO has not seen on clear and cold evenings the flashing lights in the northern sky known as the aurora borealis? The corresponding phenomenon in the southern hemisphere is named the aurora australis. The exact nature and cause of the lights have so far been a mystery even to the physicists who have made special studies in that field.

As might have been expected, Scandinavian men of science have been particularly interested. Prof. Lars Vegard of the University of Christiania believes that he has proved by laboratory experiments carried on this past winter that, as had previously been suggested, the lights are caused by the electrical rays of the sun.

The theory itself is not new. It was expounded by Professor Birkeland, teacher and predecessor of Professor Vegard, as well as by others. But for twelve years Professor Vegard has studied the nature of the northern lights and the conditions that cause them. His discoveries, now subjected to a laboratory test, tend to explain not only the aurora borealis itself but a number of other things such as why the sky looks blue, why radio waves curve round the earth instead of shooting out and dying away in space, why the wireless telegraph and the wireless telephone work better at night than in the day time, why they are particularly hard to work with in the arctic regions in the summer, why sounds of explosions and cannon fire are sometimes heard more distinctly at considerable distances than at nearer points, why the fixed stars seem to twinkle, though the planets do not, what causes the so-called zodiac light seen after sunset in the tropics, and what is the nature of the upper layers of our atmosphere.

In brief, Professor Vegard's explanation, as stated in an interview with him in the Aftenposten newspaper of Christiania, is that on account of the low temperature prevailing

in the outer layers of the atmosphere the nitrogen in it becomes condensed into minute solid particles, kept floating by the electrical rays of the sun, and that those illuminated nitrogen crystals produce the peculiar colors of the northern lights as well as the blue of the sky. The presence of the nitrogen Professor Vegard traced through the green and greenish-yellow lines that the northern lights made in the spectroscope. Other lines in the blue and the violet areas are best explained by the presence of the same gas. In fact, tests conducted at Tromsø in northern Norway last winter enabled Professor Vegard definitely to establish thirty-five lines produced by the aurora borealis, of which thirty were probably made by nitrogen.

In order to verify his hypothesis Professor Vegard went to Leiden to obtain solid nitrogen by means of the extremely low temperatures artificially produced in the Onnes laboratory. He then bombarded the slab of frozen gas with electrical rays of varying intensities. When a certain speed was reached the nitrogen began to glow with an intense green light, which in the spectroscope produced the same greenish-yellow line that the aurora borealis shows. There were also other lines that corresponded to the spectrum of the northern lights. In the atmosphere the layer of nitrogen crystals acts as a sounding board for the ether waves of radio and probably also for sound waves. In the day time the heat of the sun dissolves some of the crystals into gas and thus allows more of the radio waves to escape. It is a commonly observed fact that the northern lights are most frequently seen on extremely cold nights.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

The Companion for May 1

looks forward to Memorial Day. The Rev. Dr. Drury, a writer of many inspiring articles for *The Companion*, has a paper on **Abraham Lincoln**. There will be printed among the miscellany an unusually strong poem, **His Decoration**, by Gertrude West. A charming story, **A Mile at a Time**, by Nancy Byrd Turner, will carry the atmosphere of the beloved holiday into the Children's Page. Besides these special contributions there will be also a stirring story for boys entitled **The Ghost Car**, by C. M. Harger, a vivacious story for girls entitled **Twenty-Four Hours**, by Grace Margaret Gallaher, and a thrilling chapter in Captain Roberts' remarkable story **Figgy Duff Pot**. The issue will have a handsome cover in color. The new "Milestone" represents **The Cumberland Gap**, the great pass through which went the new settlers from Virginia to Tennessee and Kentucky.

CURRENT EVENTS

IN a recent editorial comment on the McNary bill *The Companion* used a phrase that might lead a reader to think that the wheat farmer was to receive from the export commission the same price for his exported wheat that he got for the wheat that he sold in this country, and that the loss to the commission, if there was any, would be met by general taxation. That is not so. The bill provides that any loss on the export sales shall be distributed *pro rata* among all wheat growers, including those who did not sell anything to the export commission as well as those who did. For the produce exported the grower will receive negotiable scrip. The scrip will be redeemable at a price fixed by the export commission after the crop has been marketed and all expenses of administration paid.

APPARENTLY the different elements in the British Labor party are beginning to crystallize. The party contains three distinct groups: the intellectual and philosophical Socialists like Premier MacDonald

and Mr. Sidney Webb; the Trade-Unionists, who, led by Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas, are interested only in improving the conditions of their several trades; and the ultra-Socialists, or Communists, of whom Mr. Wheatley is the ablest leader. Those three "wings" have held together in opposition, but now that the party is in power they tend to fall apart, since each holds a different view of the new government's duty. The frequent strikes that the unions are calling, apparently because they think that the Labor government cannot refuse to support them, tend to increase dissension within the party, for Mr. MacDonald is by no means ready to go so far in yielding to the strikers as many of his followers think he should go. The latest strike was a strike of the omnibus men and the tram-car men in London, and it succeeded in tying an exasperating knot in the complicated transportation system of the metropolis. After a few days, however, the premier succeeded in settling it.

PEACE and quiet within the Irish Free State was short-lived. The attempt of the government to demobilize its forces led to a mutiny among the officers, some of whom thought that the affair was not being conducted with entire fairness. Dissension within the Cabinet led to the resignation of Mr. Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defense. In the midst of the crisis a number of unidentified men in army uniforms fired on a party of British soldiers coming ashore at Queenstown for a day of freedom. They killed two and wounded a score of persons, some of them women. The Free State government offered a reward of £10,000 for the arrest of the murderers.

THE rejoicings at Moscow over the report that China had recognized the soviet government were premature. At the last minute the Chinese drew back. The Russians blame foreign influence for the failure of the negotiations and declare that Japan, France and the United States interfered. The Chinese government denies it. That in itself would not be conclusive, but at Washington it is said that the United States at least did not interfere.

PREMIER MACDONALD has informed Parliament that the plans for a powerful British naval base at Singapore drawn up by the late Conservative government have been abandoned. No one is astonished, for it was understood that the Labor ministry would decline to spend so large a sum of money on military works. The House of Lords passed a vote of regret at the government's decision.

THE Turks have certainly closed the Stamboul centre of the Y.M.C.A., and it is reported that they have also closed an American school at Mersina for teaching the Bible to Moslem children. The policy of the Angora government may fairly be called anti-religious. The Turks at present are ridden by the idea of a national state on political rather than on religious foundations. They will not interfere with foreign schools that teach ordinary subjects, but the work of the Christian missionary in Asia Minor is likely to suffer severely at their hands.

MR. SINCLAIR, the lessee of the Teapot Dome oil field, refused to testify before the Senatorial committee of investigation on the ground that he was already under indictment and was entitled to keep silence until the court had passed on his case. The Senate promptly voted him in contempt and asked the district attorney to bring the matter before the grand jury. Other witnesses brought out that Mr. Sinclair gave \$75,000 to the Republican National Committee to help pay off the deficit incurred in the campaign of 1920.

GERMANY votes on May 4 for a new Reichstag. The National People's Party has issued an appeal to the electors in behalf of monarchy. "One people, one nation, one kaiser," is the cry. The various groups that want a return of the empire are likely to unite on Admiral von Tirpitz as a candidate for president. If they were able to elect him,—which is doubtful,—he would hold the place only until a monarchical revolution could be organized.



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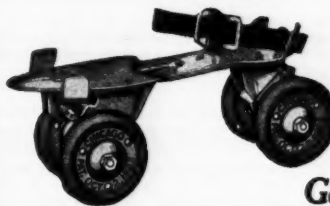
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SPRING PICTURES

By J. Lilian Vandevere

A bunny rabbit pricks up his ears,
For sounds of the coming
Of spring he hears.
Truly, my dears,
These are his ears.

(0)

Three leaves unrolled in the sunshine bright.
Their winter jackets,
Grown much too tight,
Split in the sleeves.
These are the leaves.



A seed as big as a tiny dot
Was put to bed
In a garden plot.
Likely as not
This is the dot.

A grass blade flourished his spear of green;
A dandelion
I think he'd seen.
Bravely he stayed.
This is the blade.



And all together they made a flower
That blooms right after
An April shower.
Here it is too—
A violet blue!



HOW THE TULIPS CAME TO HAVE BRIGHT COLORS

Adapted from an old legend of Devon

By Frances Kerr Cook

THERE was once a family of pixies who made their home in a wood near the cottage of a kind old woman. There were ever so many wee baby pixies, so small that their mother had to be most careful where she put them to sleep at night. If a big wind came up, they might all blow away; or if it rained, they might drown. She looked everywhere for the right kind of cradle. She tried all the different wild flowers that were in bloom in the wood, but it was so early in the spring that not many flowers were out, and those that were out had either very small petals or very weak stems, so that the baby pixies fell out and were hurt.

Now the kind old woman who lived near by had some plain brown tulips in her garden, for then all tulips were of that color.

One evening the mother pixie said to the father pixie, "I'm going to try the brown tulips tonight. The petals are so close together and the stems are so straight and strong that I don't believe the babies will fall out."

"I should think that tulips would be just the thing," agreed the father pixie, "and the little old woman is so kind she would not harm our babies."

That night the baby pixies were put into the brown tulip blossoms, and the wind swayed the tulips back and forth on their straight, sturdy stems, and very soon the

babies were all sound asleep. The petals of the tulips closed round so snug that not a single baby pixie fell out of its cradle all night, and, although it rained a little, the water drained right off and did no harm at all. The father and the mother pixie were so pleased that they decided to use the tulip cradles every night.

Not long after that the kind old woman

and brightest-colored tulips that grew anywhere in the country. And her tulips kept their petals and stayed in bloom longer than any others; indeed the petals did not drop until all the pixie babies were quite grown up and able to sleep safely anywhere in the wood.

Every year more tulips appeared until finally there were enough cradles for all the

DRAWN BY FRANCES KERR COOK



The kind old woman happened to go out into her garden

happened to go out into her garden one evening with her lantern to see whether she had closed the gate for the night. And along the path to the gate she discovered those little pixie babies sound asleep in her tulips!

"Where in the world did all those lovely little teeny, weeny babies come from?" she exclaimed, but she spoke softly so that she should not wake them. She went round looking at each little tulip cradle and was so delighted that she determined to watch over the tulips in her garden more carefully than before.

Every day she tended them diligently, and she soon noticed that every time she watered them or dug about them, the next day a beautiful new color appeared on their petals, for the fairies came and painted it on in the night to reward her for her kindness and care.

She did not let a night pass without taking her lantern and going out to look at the little pixies asleep in their cradles, and, as they grew fast, she began to worry for fear they would outgrow their cradles. So she watered and cared for the tulips more attentively than ever; but the tulips grew as well as the pixies, so that before long the little old woman had the largest

little pixie families in the whole wood. And the fairies watched over the kind old woman and over her garden, so that every spring her tulips increased in beauty, and she had happiness and good luck as long as she lived.

WHEN GRANDMOTHER FORGOT

By Jessie M. Lathrop

PATTY and her mother spent summer vacations on grandfather's farm. There was a big shady lawn with flowers and swings; there were baby chickens and ducks and calves, kittens and puppies, but what delighted Patty most was the playhouse that grandfather had built for her in the corner of the big lawn where the lilacs and snowballs grew.

There were white ruffled curtains at the window of the playhouse, and the door had a real lock. From the farmhouse attic grandfather had carried out to the playhouse all the little furniture that had once been mother's—a table and chairs and a doll's dresser. He put up shelves on which she had

KNITTING

By Robert Palfrey Utter

If I knit a long time
And knit very fast,
Perhaps I might finish
A stocking at last.

9 9

kept the little gold-banded tea set. Patty made new clothes for Belinda, her mother's doll, and new sheets for the funny little wooden cradle in which Belinda slept.

Sometimes mother or grandmother could come to tea at the playhouse, but they were too busy to come every time Patty wanted company. So Patty was delighted when Marie came to spend the summer on her grandmother's farm, which was the next one down the road.

"Let's go to see Marie this evening, grandmother," coaxed Patty, "and Belinda and I will invite her to a tea party for tomorrow afternoon."

So they went, and, though Marie was a bit shy at first, Patty told her about the playhouse, and they were soon friends.

"Come early tomorrow afternoon," said Patty, and Marie promised to come at half past two o'clock and bring her doll.

What fun it was to get ready for Marie's visit! Patty swept the floor of the playhouse and dusted the furniture!

"I think I'll wash your sheets this morning, Belinda, and your pink gingham dress," she said.

Belinda just kept on smiling; she knew that Patty had washed them the day before. It was such fun to put water in the toy tub and rub things on the little washboard!

So Patty fastened one end of a stout cord to a snowball bush and the other end to a lilac bush, and soon not only the sheets and the pink gingham dress but most of Belinda's clothes were pinned to the stout cord with cunning little clothes pins.

"I'll just leave them up for Marie to see," Patty told Belinda, "they look so pretty!"

She carried the table out and covered it with a paper napkin that had a border of roses. Then she set the table, and in the centre of it she placed a little blue vase with one red rose in it.

Grandmother brought out some tiny sandwiches and a little frosted cake and some berries and lemonade.

Patty, who had run down the road to see whether Marie was in sight, hurried back just in time to drive away Squeedunk, the spotted black and white pig that always managed to get through the fence somewhere.

Then she heard footsteps, but it was not Marie. It was mother, so pale and unsmiling that Patty hardly knew her.

"Patty, darling," mother said, "a telegram just came saying that father is very sick; we must go home at once. If we hurry, we can take the train that leaves at half past two."

Patty hurried back to the house with mother. Delia, who helped with the work, was packing and soon Henry, the hired man, was taking them to the station. Grandmother and grandfather went too.



My friend, the owl, sits up
all night
In our big maple tree,
And when I'm going off to
bed
He talks to me.

BY PRINGLE BARREY

He stares with eyes as
round and big
As any at the zoo,
And says,—I think it very
rude,—
"Who, who are you?"

But Jane, my sister, says
that he
Means nothing impolite.
It's just the way my friend,
the owl,
Bids us good night.



DRAWINGS BY
KATHERINE G. HEALEY

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It was two weeks later that the doctors said that father would get well, and during that anxious time Patty had never once thought of Belinda and the tea table and the line of clothes left out to dry. Then one morning when grandfather and grandmother were going home Patty remembered.

"I left all my things outdoors, grandmother. Oh, I hope they're all right!" she said.

"I'll take them back to the attic," grandmother said. But when she got back there were so many things to do that she forgot.

The next June Patty and her mother went back to the farm. It was raining so hard the afternoon they arrived that Patty couldn't go out to the playhouse, but she went up to the attic the very first thing. She looked about for Belinda, but the doll wasn't there. Neither was the wooden cradle nor the table nor anything.

"Grandmother," she called, "where are the things?"

"Why, dear," said grandmother, "aren't they there?"

"Can't you remember where you put them?" asked Patty anxiously.

"Why bless me, honey, I don't remember bringing them in! I must have forgotten. They've stayed out all winter."

"O grandmother, all through the snow and wind and rain, and maybe Squeedunk came! O dear, let's go right away to see. I left Belinda sitting in a chair by the table."

"Dear, grandmother is very sorry, but it's raining too hard, and it is too dark; we shall have to wait until morning."

Grandfather and Delia and Henry were just as sorry as grandmother.

"I should have thought about them, but there was so much to do," said Delia.

"Squeedunk hasn't been through the fence once this spring," said Henry, "and I saw some rabbits come from the lilacs last winter; maybe a rabbit family lived there through the cold and snow, and maybe the baby rabbits slept in the cradle."

"Rain and snow couldn't hurt Belinda's china head," said grandfather, but he looked anxious.

So Patty went to bed, and the rain pattered on the roof. The sun was shining when she awoke. She hurried down as fast as she could hurry, and grandmother and mother went with her to the playhouse.

The lilacs and the other bushes were as lovely as they had been last year. Mother, grandmother and Patty walked round one bush, and then stopped in astonishment. There, hanging from a stout cord, were two snowy sheets and all the other doll clothes! Not a thing was faded or torn. They walked round a bush, and there was the table all set just as Patty had left it: a rose-bordered napkin for a tablecloth and gold-banded dishes. A pink rose nodded from the blue vase in the center. There were tiny sandwiches and a little frosted cake and a dish of berries. Belinda was sitting in a chair by the table, as smiling and fresh as ever.

"Grandmother," Patty whispered, "do you suppose the fairies took care of them?"

Grandmother and mother looked round; they were as astonished and puzzled as Patty.

Then some one laughed, and from the playhouse door came Marie.

"Grandmother and I came that afternoon," Marie explained, "and Delia told us that you were called away. I wanted to see the playhouse, so grandmother and I came down here. Delia went to pick berries, and so we put everything into the playhouse and locked the door, and my grandmother forgot to give your grandmother the key and tell her about it. I thought it would be fun to surprise you this morning."

"Oh, it was; it was the loveliest surprise in the whole world!" cried Patty, and she danced about and hugged Belinda. "Half of the playhouse is yours now, and you must come every day."

"I brought my doll this morning," said Marie.

☺ ☺

HINT TO TRAVELERS

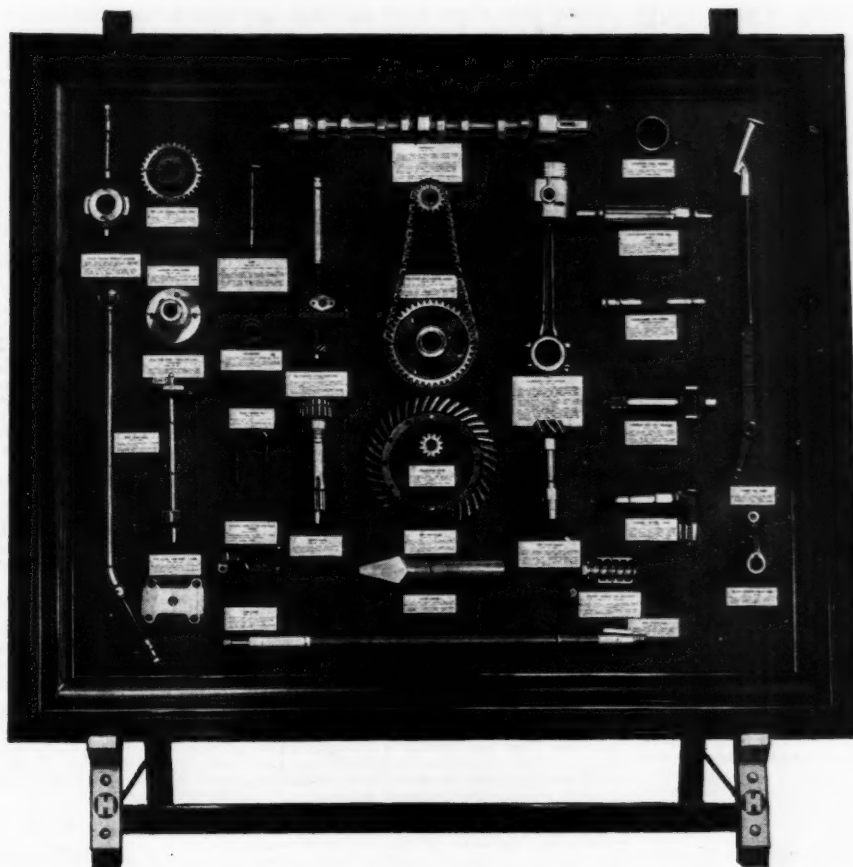
By Daisy D. Stephenson

Said Willie Wise, "When traveling

Adopt this plan of mine:

Just take a clothespin; it's a thing

That's good on any line!"



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APRIL IN NEW ENGLAND

By Nancy Byrd Turner



Stone-girt, austere and bound with bitter frost,
The solitary hills confront the sea
Like perilous ramparts long since taken and lost.
Then slow-wrought change: from out a stricken
tree
Courage cries bugle clear; freed waters sing
Their answer; beauty shakes a fragile bell
High in some hazardous cleft; and pilgrim Spring
Comes valiant.

Nay, this is no miracle:
This is none other than the ancient faith,
The old intrepid trust, that onward made
Past all the storms of heaven, through dark and
death,
And one imperishable hour furl'd
Its resolute sails and anchored, unafraid,
Here at the loneliest limit of the world.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF FEAR

NOT long ago, writes Miss Winfred Rhoades in the Congregationalist, I read a doctor's statement about a woman who had become so afraid of eating that she was prolonging a miserable and sick existence on nothing except a few sips of sweetened water a day. Others live so much in fear of germs that they will not lay their hands upon a doorknob, and, if they are obliged to pass a coin to a car conductor, they handle it with paper. One woman of whom I have lately heard makes her life a torture to herself and cuts it off from the normal, helpful intercourse with others because she is possessed with the fear of accidental contact with certain forms of disease or of lurking danger in glass particles and such things.

The habit of seeing things out of their true proportion is everlastingly causing misery. We let ourselves brood on the hardships of our lot and underrate the joys that life also offers, or we fix our attention on the dangers all round us and disregard the glory of living a life of usefulness and brave adventure in the midst of risk. It is of course true that at times disease is sent broadcast into a community by some one's ignorance or carelessness, and the fact teaches us the necessity of being honorably careful. But we know also that for the most part the dangerous germs that get into the body are destroyed by minute friendly organisms that are working for health. Most people who touch doorknobs do not die from the contact. And in any case are not the helpful tasks of daily life worth performing even in the face of some risk?

The fact is that life is a hazardous business. That is the kind of discipline to which God has subjected us. But God calls us to live our lives, not in fear and dread, but in trust and confidence and hopeful expectation. Why be always expecting the worst? We walk in the midst of risks and dangers, but happy are they who go forward day by day in strong confidence in the goodness of the universe, who hold that faithful living of the life of love leads to a happy issue, and who expect to find that happy issue some-way somewhere in God's good time.

AUNT RANDY'S RAINBOW SILK

FOR several years before the opening of the Cherokee Strip, writes a correspondent, my father kept a general store in a little town in the neighborhood. The stock was the usual heterogeneous assortment of human necessities carried in such establishments, and the customers were as varied as the stock. Much of our trade came from the reservation, and the Indians and the mixed bloods seemed to regard my father highly.

When the government took over the Strip and paid the members of the tribe for their lands many of them, knowing nothing of banks, refused to accept the white man's slips of paper and demanded payment in cash. One day an old Cherokee negress called Aunt Randy appeared at our store, holding her voluminous gingham apron by its gathered-up hem and carrying in it her entire allotment, gold, silver and bills of large denomination.

"Hey, Mistah Lewis," she accosted my father, "is you-all got some place where at I kin put dis money? I's jes naturally skeered to leave it a-layin' round loose. Some dem triffin' Injuns er niggers mout steal it. Ef you-all jes put it in dat little safe an' let me come'n git it when I wants till it's all spent, I'll sho be erbleeged ter you-all."

Father demurred at first, but after Aunt Randy had insisted that she would not hold him responsible in case of fire or thieves he agreed, and together we counted the money. There was something more than sixteen thousand dollars in all, and Aunt Randy heaved a prodigious sigh of relief as she saw it placed in the little safe.

We kept Aunt Randy's account carefully, and every penny returned to her either in cash or in trade; she was a good customer. Like most members of the races to which she owed her

ancestry Aunt Randy loved gay colors, and pretty cloths were her delight.

One day in unpacking some newly-arrived goods I came across one of the gaudiest pieces of silk I ever saw and, turning to father, said, "I'm going to put this away for Aunt Randy." "Good idea," replied father, laughing. "She'll likely want a dress for that picnic next week."

True to our predictions, Aunt Randy came in next day and, waiting till I had finished with a customer, waddled up to me and asked, "Miss Verdie, is you-all got somethin' real pretty ter make me a dress off'n? You know we-all's gwine ter have a picnic down on de crick next Thursday, an' I wants somethin' specially nice." "Here it is, Aunt Randy," I assured her, bringing out the rainbow-colored silk. "I saved it just for you."

Aunt Randy went into raptures. "You sho has de best taste in clo'es, Miss Verdie!" she happily asserted as she departed with her bundle.

For several days we saw nothing of Aunt Randy, and when she again appeared at the store I was out. She was making some purchases of father when he asked:

"How was the picnic, Aunt Randy?" "We-ell, Mistah Lewis," she replied, "I jes tell yuh, you-all 'members dat big rain dat come Thursday afternoon? We-ell, Mistah Lewis, when I went to dat picnic I was sho a swell pusson, but when I come back I was a drowned rat!"

HOW WASHINGTON LIVED IN NEW YORK

FOR the first few months of Washington's Presidency the "White House" was in New York; the Presidential household accounts from May 24 to August 24, 1789, preserved in the State Educational Building at Albany, have recently been published for the first time. They also include Washington's personal estimate of his year's expenses, based on the figures; he made them out to be £4,925 7s., or about twenty-five thousand dollars.

All the items of the first President's records and calculations are interesting, perhaps none more so than one entry of thirty dollars for coal and another of eighty-five dollars for candles! When Washington took up his duties as first President of the United States, says the New York Times, he expressed an unwillingness to receive any money from the public treasury beyond his actual expenses. At that time his household included a secretary and an assistant secretary, three aids and eighteen servants. He also figured in his yearly expenses a livery of sixteen horses.

Washington was fond of good things to eat, and he was far from stingy as a provider. His butcher's bill for three months ran to about six hundred and sixty dollars. The items show four occasions when turkey graced the Presidential table. If he continued eating turkey for the nine other months of the year as he did for the three during which he kept an itemized account, it means that he had at least sixteen turkey dinners during that year.

The papers show that apparently Washington had plenty of fresh vegetables, for that item alone ran up to two hundred and ninety dollars; and the milk and cream bill for the three months totalled one hundred and forty-five dollars. Turkey was not the only food that the first President relished, for it is recorded that he expended forty-five dollars during the three months for lobsters. Either cake was inexpensive in those days or else the President ate little of it, because he figured out that the cake eaten in his household during those three months was worth exactly fifteen shillings.

Even in those early days it appears from the papers that servants had acquired the knack of breaking dishes, for the item of breakage is set down at sixty-five dollars; the wear and tear on the President's linen is estimated to have amounted to one hundred and fifteen dollars.

Compared with thirty dollars for coal and eighty-five dollars for candles, one hundred and forty-five dollars for wood looms large. But £154 11s.—between seven and eight hundred dollars—does not sound like an extravagant sum for service; many a good-sized family of but moderate wealth pays as much for only two or three domestic helpers nowadays—and Washington had eighteen.

A FEW CHUCKLES FROM IRELAND

MANY good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristic mirth-provoking jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. G. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on!"

"There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely.

And the old people can still laugh at themselves,—which is perhaps the touchstone of

humor,—especially the old women, who regard the world and its needs and follies as from another plane, having never had time for follies and having outlived all needs except a pinch o' tea and a pair o' boots. I cannot forget little old Mrs. Leary, who, dying, said gayly:

"Sure, three inches of a coffin'll do me! 'Look,' I says to them, 'make the coffin a small sign too big, the way the people'll think the womanen inside in it wasn't all out so little as what she was!'"

And consider the two old "nurses" at Ross, one of whom was acting as butler and housemaid, and the other as cook and yard boy; each, conscious of her own absurdity, would describe herself and her companion as, "Me an' the other owld hair!"

A STRANGE FATALITY

HERE is the amazing, the eerie, experience of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, and now in his eighty-first year. He related it recently to a friend, writes Mr. B. C. Forbes in the Forbes Magazine, and so far as I know it has never before been published.

Young Lincoln was in the army and stationed in Virginia when he received an order to report at Washington. He got into the theatre just in time to see his father receive his fatal wound.

Years later Mr. Lincoln was Secretary of War under Garfield. The President asked him to meet him at the station, and he reached there just as Garfield was assassinated. During McKinley's administration Mr. Lincoln received an invitation to attend the formal opening of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and, accompanied by his family, got there just in time to see the President shot by Czolgosz.

A friend happened to be with Mr. Lincoln when he received an invitation to attend a Presidential dinner at Washington a few years ago. He said in effect: "If they only knew, they wouldn't want me there!" Then he told of his unhappy experience.

WHAT IS IT?

HERE is a puzzle picture for our readers to worry over. What do you think it represents? It is a drawing made from a photograph that a humorously-minded reader sent to us. Of course it looks like the picture of some



unfortunate man who has had one side of his face pretty much disfigured through the explosion of a gun into the barrel of which he was peeping, or else by a well-aimed kick from a refractory mule. But that's not what it is. If you hold the picture at the right angle and have moderately sharp eyes, you will see—what?

TALLEYRAND'S OPINION OF NAPOLEON

WAS Napoleon brave and resourceful or merely lucky? Talleyrand, his minister of foreign affairs, called him an irresolute coward. But it is hard to understand how a coward could have accomplished what Napoleon accomplished in the twenty years between 1795 and 1815. A Swiss named Jean Gabriel Eynard long ago published some almost forgotten memoirs of the Vienna Congress; from his book we take this biting criticism of the emperor by Talleyrand.

"I recall with disgust," said the minister, "the Erfurt Conference, where the parterre was crowded with kings servilely waiting to pay their respects to a man who insulted them on every possible occasion. Bonaparte was keenly aware of his own towering ability, but he had no real greatness of spirit. The more a person humbled himself to him the more he bullied that person. More than that, cowardice was the salient trait of Napoleon's character; he was a coward in every aspect of his nature."

M. d'Ivernois said: "In any case he has the opposite reputation."

"Because no one knows him as I do," was the reply. "I can give you any amount of evidence. For instance, he wrote me a letter on the evening before the battle of Austerlitz, betraying the utmost irresolution. During the fighting at Gross-Aspern he hid himself behind a tree—and completely lost his head. As soon as Bona-

parte's luck failed him he lost all his energy and resolution; and this man whose brazen self-confidence in times of good fortune knew no bounds in a period of reverses begged every man—simple officers and even a postilion—for advice.

"His timidity showed itself in everything. At table he would not drink water from the carafe that stood next to him. He always asked for a glass from another carafe at the farther end of the table."

M. Pietet remarked: "But at Paris he often used to go about either alone or with but a few attendants."

"Don't believe it," said Talleyrand. "But I remember, excellency," I said, "that I met him alone with Duroc."

"Probably he imagined that no one would recognize him," Talleyrand replied. "He was such a coward that whenever he traveled he took extraordinary precautions against assassination. I have journeyed in the same coach with him; it was upholstered several inches thick with paper as a protection against bullets."

"What your excellency tells us," said M. Pietet, "makes it all the more astonishing that Napoleon has succeeded in convincing everyone of his courage."

"That is because there never was a person who possessed a greater faculty for acting than Napoleon. He is a trickster and an impostor to the core. His greatest talent is his genius for deception. He owed his rise in the world primarily to his cunning. His whole personality reveals this. When he walks he moves his whole body with a sort of annular sinuosity—he has the physique and cunning of a serpent."

Talleyrand stood up and with his shapeless body that his spindly and crooked legs could hardly support tried to imitate Napoleon's walk.

M. d'Ivernois inquired: "But how does it happen that Bonaparte won such a reputation with his soldiers if he was not a brave man?"

"Cunning took the place of courage, and he had a remarkable faculty for seizing upon the most trifling incident in his favor to arouse the enthusiasm of his men. When he returned from the negotiations that resulted in the treaty of Campoformido the Directory ordered a military review in his honor. When he entered the court of Luxembourg Palace just at noon he pretended to be startled and declared that he had seen a star shining directly above the place where he should stand. And he succeeded in convincing his attendants to such an extent that several gentlemen, among them M. de Hauterive, a man in whom I have the utmost confidence, have told me that they also saw the star. More than that! During the Battle of Austerlitz Bonaparte declared he saw the same star. Many of his officers imagined they also saw it and felt absolutely sure of a great victory. Napoleon could use trickery and deception with amazing skill, but he was not brave."

SO THERE, MR. EMPEROR!

FRANZ LISZT, the great Hungarian composer, was a man of courage. He wasn't afraid to snap his agile fingers in the face of strong, though silly, social conventions—no, even though the emperor himself might not like it! In A Singer's Pilgrimage Mme. Blanche Marchesi relates these anecdotes to show the good influence that Liszt had on music, or rather on the treatment of producers:

My parents, who were both of good old families, suffered very much, she says, in the beginning of their career from small humiliations that they shared with all the other artists of the day. At house parties in London, where they made their debuts, they were shocked at the way artists were kept apart from the invited guests. Then Liszt came, and all things changed.

It was customary in London drawing rooms to hang a red cord across the room where the concert was to take place, thus separating the artists' corner from the part of the drawing room reserved for the guests. That cord used to annoy my father to the highest degree, and one day when he sang at the same entertainment with Liszt he saw Liszt walk quietly up to it, tear it coolly from the wall, roll it up and to the great embarrassment of the hostess throw it into the middle of the drawing-room. But, since persons of the highest distinction idolized and befriended him and kings and queens recommended him, no one dared ever pass a disparaging remark on any of his actions or words. It is well they did not, because Liszt would have crushed the speaker with an ironical and sarcastic repartee.

After the house concerts when the artists used to be sent to a special little room to be fed like lions after a performance he used simply to say to them, "Children, follow me," and up he would go to the general dining room or buffet, followed by all his fellow artists. There he would sit quietly down and would make all the others sit down also; in a moment he was helping them himself and encouraging them to make themselves at home.

One evening Liszt and my father were engaged to perform at the court at Vienna before the old Emperor Franz Joseph. In addition to their solos the court orchestra was to play excerpts and furnish the accompaniments to the different pieces and airs. The concert went off successfully, and as soon as the emperor had



Kathryn J. Lewis, Milwaukee, Wis.

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congratulated the artists on their performances he retired to a big ballroom, where supper was to be served for the court; the whole assembly including the orchestra, which was to play again, followed him. Suddenly Liszt and my father saw that they were alone in the big drawing-room where they had given the concert.

"What are we two going to do?" Liszt said to my father.

Before my father could answer a valet approached them and said, "You can go to supper with the musicians. I will show you the way."

"Ah, my good fellow," Liszt said to him, tapping him on the shoulder. "Tell your master that I have ordered supper at home. Come on, Marchesi, please do exactly as I do."

He opened his opera hat and stuck it on his head. So did my father. Liszt lit a big cigar and puffed away enormous clouds of smoke in front of the collapsing valet. So did my father. Then Liszt took my father's arm and marched out, singing a gay song that surely must have been heard all over the place. Passing the stammering and half-fainting valets, the two strolled out into the streets and went to supper to the old Sacher Restaurant.

THE RISE OF THE COLLAR

ONE hundred years ago men's white shirts had the collars attached. Then one day it occurred to a man living in a town on the eastern bank of the Hudson River that the usefulness of a shirt could be prolonged if the collars were made separate; a soiled collar could then be replaced with a clean one. His wife, says Mr. Logan McPherson in Human Effort and Human Wants, made collars for him that at first were attached to the shirt by means of tape. Then she made collars that pinned to the back of the neckband and buttoned in front. They were so successful that she made others to sell to the neighbors.

The inventor of the separate collar employed women, often gentlewomen of other families, who were glad thus to increase their incomes. Not content with what he had done, he took a basketful of collars to Boston, where they found ready sale; and after Boston came New York and other markets. Then buttoning at the back as well as in the front was introduced; and collars were made more durable by being manufactured of manifold plies of linen and cotton stiffened with starch; buttonholes too were devised that did not tear readily.

Business organizations of Troy specialized in producing collars and cuffs. Pattern blocks and knives were invented whereby piles of cotton or linen many sheets thick could be cut with one application of the knife into collars of a special design and a special size. Then machinery was invented for use in the various processes of cutting and folding. The making of collars and cuffs and then of shirts became the main business of the town. Tradition and association led young men and young women into the employment, in which they obtained specialized skill and training. Shirts are now made in nearly every town and city in the United States, but Troy continues to supply nearly all the collars worn by men in other parts of the world.

DISPOSING OF A SOLICITOR

LIKE most men of great wealth the first distinguished John Jacob Astor, the friend of Washington Irving, was wearied by the importunities of solicitors for many causes, good and bad. In Memories of a Hostess, Mrs. James T. Fields records the amusement of a gathering in her home in Charles Street, Boston, at a story about a man who called to ask Mr. Astor for money.

The man was ushered into a twilight library, where he fancied himself alone until he heard a grunt from a deep chair, the high back of which was turned towards him; he advanced and, finding Mr. Astor there, saluted him. He introduced the business of the subscription and was about to unfold the paper when Mr. Astor suddenly cried out, "Oo—oo—oo—oooooooo!"

"What is the matter, my dear sir?" cried the solicitor in alarm. "Are you ill? Where is the bell? Let me ring the bell!" Running to the door, he shouted, "Madam! Madam!" Then to Mr. Astor, "Pray, sir, what is the matter?"

"Oo—oo—oo!" repeated Mr. Astor.

"Have you a pain in your side?" In a moment the household came running thither, and as the housekeeper bent over him Mr. Astor cried, "Oo—oo! These horrid wretches sending to me for money!"

As may well be believed, our friend of the subscription paper beat a hasty retreat.

THE SHORTEST SPEECH IN HISTORY

SERIOUS though President Coolidge is in general, his sense of humor frequently asserts itself publicly to the delight of all who witness it in play. Mr. Willis Fletcher Johnson tells an amusing instance of Mr. Coolidge's wit in his Life of Warren G. Harding. Once in the course of a legislative debate a certain member who was noted for his long-winded speeches addressed the house for an hour in support of a measure, during which he used a succession of affirmations always beginning with "It is —."

When Mr. Coolidge rose to speak on the question he said, "Mr. Speaker, it isn't," and sat down.

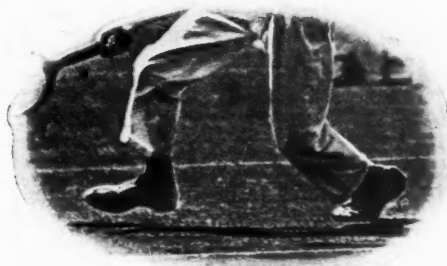


Photo by Paul Thompson

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Louisville Slugger
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Tells how to use your Louisville Slugger

Here's a book, boys, that tells how Babe Ruth, George Sisler, Cy Williams and other Famous Sluggers bat. It tells you how to stand at the plate, how to grip the bat, how to get your body into the swing, how to use your Louisville Slugger. Illustrated with pictures of Famous Sluggers in actual batting poses. Written by an expert who has made a study of batting. Explains the knack of safe hitting. Get a free copy where you buy your Louisville Slugger bats or send a postcard request today to

Hillerich & Bradsby Co., 751 Preston Street, Louisville, Ky.

Kent's brand new "Paragon" racket

The finest racket we have ever produced in all our experience of over forty years as leading racket makers. For materials, quality of workmanship and beauty of finished appearance, it hasn't an equal.

We make many other grades of rackets, for we aim to meet all needs, and a Kent racket at any price you want to pay is better value than you can otherwise secure, but if you want the finest racket ever made, secure the new Kent "Paragon".

Price \$15.00

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Specially constructed frame designed for strength and driving power without sacrificing any of its beauty. Strung with finest selected split sheep gut which assures long life and great speed and resiliency. Frame guaranteed for a season's play. Sold direct from the factory if not at your dealer's but try him before sending to us.

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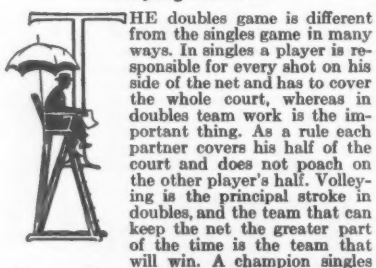
The BOYS' PAGE

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SOUND TENNIS FOR BEGINNERS

Playing Doubles

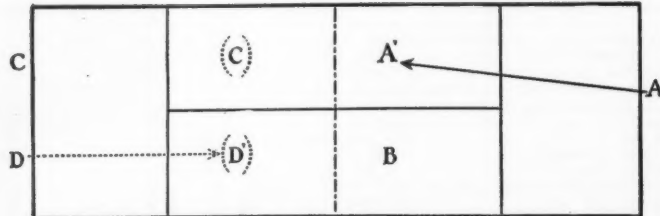


THE doubles game is different from the singles game in many ways. In singles a player is responsible for every shot on his side of the net and has to cover the whole court, whereas in doubles team work is the important thing. As a rule each partner covers half of the court and does not poach on the other player's half. Volleying is the principal stroke in doubles, and the team that can keep the net the greater part of the time is the team that will win. A champion singles player may be no more than an ordinary doubles player, because the games are so different, just as in baseball an outfielder may not be able to play shortstop well. Some men cannot play well together; to do it each must have confidence in the other and know what the other is going to do. The hardest shot for a team to handle is one down the centre of the court, and here it is essential that partners agree which one is going to take it. Sometimes both men go after a centre shot, and again both let it go without any attempt by either of them to get it. Partners should always plan on playing on a line parallel with the net and should go up together and go back together. Some experts advise players never to let a ball drop that can be volleyed, and certainly that is good general advice, for letting a ball drop and hitting it on the bound gives the opponents time to get into position or up to the net. There are of course times when partners have to cross over, but they should do it as little as possible; there is always danger of confusion.

SERVING IN DOUBLES

In serving when your partner is at the net the object is to serve a ball that will enable you to take the net with your partner. End your service in a position that will enable you to rush to the net. Some of the best double players use a slow ball well placed, and the high bounds of the American and the reverse American twist also give the server time to get to the net. The man standing at the net should be responsible to a greater or less extent for the centre shot, since his partner has to get up to position. Don't think too much about your ally; the net is higher at that point, and surprisingly few points are won by that shot. Look more to the centre, since that is the easiest shot for your opponents and the hardest one for you to cover. In doubles as in singles remember the angle of play; both players should always move toward the angle of return, and so on one shot you should be playing in your ally and again near the middle of the court. Mr. Raymond D. Little says in Tennis Tactics: "More points are lost than gained by standing closer than twelve feet from the net, except in cases of jumping in to meet a return." The reason for that is that when standing close to the net it is hard to get back after a well-placed lob.

When receiving the service the men should stand parallel to the net. There are four general shots in returning the service: side-line, cross-court, centre shot and lob. The side-line shot must be well placed, and the player should remember that the net is highest at that point. The cross-court shot is always a good shot to make, especially when there is plenty of "top" on it, which causes it to drop suddenly as it gets over the net. The centre shot is probably the best and safest shot in doubles; when your opponents are rushing to the net a well placed lob often wins the point, and again it often



The diagram, from which the alley lines are omitted, shows the positions of the four players at the beginning of a game. The server is at A, the receiver at D. The server's partner stands at B, and immediately upon the delivery of the service the server advances to the parallel position at A'. The receiver's partner may wait either at C or (C'). The position at C, from which the receiver's partner advances with the receiver toward the net only as an opening occurs, is better for beginners. The position at (C'), sometimes called the American formation because used by Messrs. Ward and Davis when they were holders of the national championship, is to be recommended only for experienced players. With the receiver's partner at (C'), the receiver MUST follow his return of service to the position at (D').

gives you time to gain the net and drive your opponents back.

MIXED DOUBLES

It is necessary in mixed doubles that the man be a good volleyer, and the better the girl can volley the better the team will be. Ordinarily the game can be played like men's doubles; that is, with each player covering half the court. But in match play the man should of course do most of the work and the girl should cover as much ground as she can. When the man serves to the opposing girl, his partner may play net if she is a good volleyer, but she should always stand back when her partner is serving to the man. When the girl serves, the man should play in a volleying position nearer the service line than the net, because he must be in a position to get back after lobs as well as to dart forward for a kill. When the girl receives, the man should stand near the middle of the base line and be ready to rush to any spot. He should always take the net on his service, if he has any kind of service ball at all, and should volley everything that he can reach, but he should not attempt too much; let the girl do what she can. If she can handle lobs well, it is a good plan to let her take as many of them as possible, for that gives the man a chance to pay closer attention to the net game and volleying, which is the winning play in mixed doubles. In tennis the game is usually to play the opponents' weakest point and in mixed doubles the weakest point is generally the girl's backhand. But remember that at times the weakest point is in the man's territory, especially when he is not expecting a shot or when he is covering too much ground.

LADIES' DOUBLES

To play doubles well both of the girls should be able to volley. If one is better at it than the other, she should take most of the volleys, and her partner should run back after most of the lobs. So, to play doubles a girl must be able to lob and volley as well as stroke. In fact she must be able to do all of those things in order to get the most out of singles. Ladies' doubles should be played as nearly as possible like men's doubles.

THE CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION OF A "WAVE TRAP"

A SIMPLE type of wave filter, or "wave trap," which is effective in reducing interference in radio broadcast receiving, is easily made as follows: get a stout cardboard tube about three and one half inches in diameter and three inches long. On it wind sixty turns of No. 22 double cotton-covered wire. Fasten the wire securely to the tube by looping the ends of the winding through two small holes punched through the tube about a quarter of an inch apart. No shellac or binder of any kind should be used on the winding. Connect the ends of this sixty-turn winding to the terminals of a variable condenser of a maximum capacity of at least .0003 mfd.—better still, .001 mfd. Use a condenser that has from twenty-three to forty-three plates.

Now over the first winding place a second one, of fifteen turns of No. 18 double cotton-covered wire placed at the centre of the tube. Lead out taps from the first, second, fifth, ninth and fifteenth turn. The end of the winding at which the counting began is one terminal of this circuit. Connect the other taps to the points of a four-point switch, the arm of which is the other terminal of the circuit. By means of the switch you can then include two, five, nine or fifteen turns in the circuit. The fifteen-turn winding is the coupling winding; the sixty-turn winding is the tuning winding.

There are two ways in which the filter can be used to reduce interference. The first consists in connecting the coupling winding in series with the antenna lead to the receiving equipment. That is, the antenna lead is taken to one end of the fifteen-turn winding, and the centre of the switch is connected to the antenna

binding post of the receiving set. Connected in that way the filter will reduce interference from one station without materially affecting the receiving from any other station. If you are troubled by interference from a local station, for example, use the filter as follows: With the set in operating condition turn the condenser of the filter until the signals of the interfering station are cut out or reduced to the lowest point. Then, without touching the filter condenser, tune in the desired station on the receiving set in the usual way.

For a given station the settings obtained on the receiver will not be the same when the filter is used as when it is not used. The filter acts either as a coil or as a condenser in series with the antenna, and so will alter the position at which the controls of the receiver must be placed in order to pick up the desired station. If the wave length of the interfering station is less than that of the desired station, the filter acts as a coil in series with the antenna. If the wave length of the interfering station is greater than that of the desired station, the filter acts as a condenser in series with the antenna. In order to get the desired station you must in the first condition set the controls of the receiver at lower values, in the second case at higher values than normal.

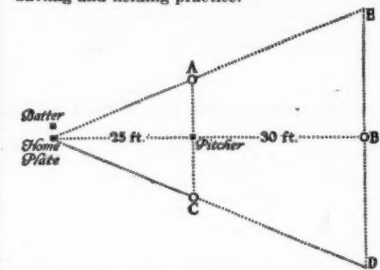
The second method of using the filter consists in connecting the terminals of the coupling circuit directly across the antenna and the ground connections of the receiver. With that connection signals from all stations except one are reduced or eliminated. To use the connection, handle the receiver as follows: Tune in the desired station on the receiver with the filter disconnected from the circuit. Then connect the filter to the antenna and the ground posts of the receiver and vary the position of the filter condenser until you again hear the desired station at maximum strength.

The purpose of the switch in controlling the number of turns of the coupling winding is to widen or narrow the band of wave lengths over which the filter is effective. In the first method the greater the number of turns used in the coupling winding the wider the band of wave lengths on which the filter will reduce interference. In the second method the greater the number of turns used in the coupling circuit the wider the band of wave lengths on which signals may be heard.

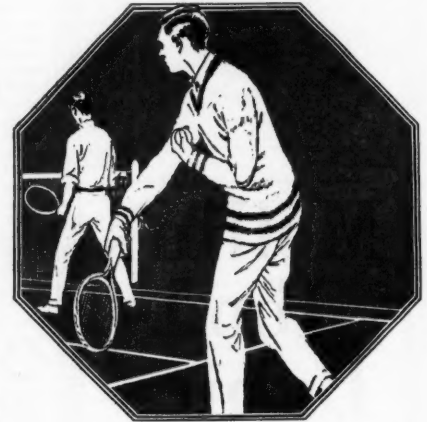
Both methods should be tried and the number of turns of the coupling circuit adjusted to give the best satisfaction under the particular conditions at each receiving station. Since the conditions vary a good deal each listener will have to determine by actual trial the combination that gives the best results.

TWO-PLAYER BASEBALL

ALTHOUGH a baseball game between two players sounds impossible, a game can be played that will give two boys a good deal of fun and at the same time some valuable batting and fielding practice.



You need a smooth level piece of ground about fifty feet long by forty feet wide, a bat, a ball and three stones, bricks or pieces of wood for boundary marks.



Place two of the stones about twenty feet apart (A and C in the figure) and the third (B) thirty feet behind the middle of the line AC. The pitcher stands at the middle of the line AC, and the batter stands twenty-five feet in front of him. With a sharp-pointed stick draw two straight lines from the home plate, where the batter stands through A and C to a line EBD drawn through stone B parallel to the line AC.

The batter tries to hit the ball on the ground between stones A and C or over the pitcher's head so that it will first strike the ground before reaching the line EBD and within the bounds of the lines AE, ED and DC. If he succeeds, and if the pitcher fumbles a grounder hit between stones A and C or drops a fly within the bounds of the lines AE, ED and DC, the batter scores a run.

If the pitcher catches any fly or stops a grounder cleanly between stones A and C or the ball first strikes the ground behind the line ED, the batter is out. A ball hit outside stones A and C, or that goes to one side or behind the batter, or that does not travel to the pitcher between stones A and C, is a foul. Three fouls in succession count as an out.

After three outs the pitcher takes the batter's place and retains it until his opponent scores three outs. Nine innings constitute a game unless each player has the same number of runs at the end of the ninth. If that happens, extra innings are played as in baseball until one player wins.

ALWAYS A FAVORITE

NEARLY everyone admires water lilies, yet few seem to know that they can have them growing in their own gardens. It is a small garden that cannot make room for a lily pond, for it may be anything from a discarded washtub to a pool of highly ornamental cement work.

If you choose a wooden washtub, coat the outside of it with tar before you set it into the ground. A section of terra-cotta drain pipe about three feet in diameter also makes a good "pond," and an imperfect piece can sometimes be bought of a contractor at a low price. If you use the drain pipe, place in the centre of it a small piece of inch or half-inch pipe long enough to extend down into the ground a short distance and to rise perhaps four inches and after you have sunk the drainpipe into the ground cover the bottom of the hole with a three-inch layer of cement. The small pipe will serve as a drain pipe when the pond is emptied for the winter, and when the pond is full it can be kept plugged.

If you are ambitious enough to desire to make a reservoir of cement, you can give full play to your fancy. The only limit will be space, expense or your own industry.

Unless there is a real pond near enough so that you can get from it the black mud that is so dear to pond lilies you can use old stable manure and rich soil from the woods. Place a layer of it a foot deep in the bottom of your container. The plants you can get from a pond or from a seedsmen, who will supply not only the white kind but colored varieties and will furnish all the necessary information in regard to planting. Keep the pond filled to within a few inches of the top.

If you are afraid that the lily pond will offer a breeding place for mosquitoes, put a few goldfish into it. They will dispose of the larvae. During the hot summer weather the water should be changed every day by gently overflowing, but as the weather becomes cooler it need not be changed so often.

Aside from your pleasure in such a lily pond you will be doing missionary work for the birds. They will come to your little drinking pool and bathing beach to refresh themselves. But have no clumps of shrubs or plants near it in which a

Broadway Tennis Rackets

made under the personal supervision of Mr. Theodore Meunier, an expert in the designing and making of tennis rackets for over thirty years.



Model V.S.P.

A championship model especially for tournament use. Oval frame in two strips of choicest Vermont second-growth white ash, inlaid with ebony. Depressed ebonized throat strongly reinforced with white ash, also reinforced on outside of shoulders with generous thickness of rawhide, assuring strength and durability. Further reinforcement on shoulders with very best silk winding. Four-sided assorted cedar corrugated handles. Weight, 13 to 14½ ounces. Strung with very best orange lamb gut.

Price \$13.00



Model T.M.

A favorite with many prominent players. Extensively used in tournaments. Oval frame in three pieces, inner piece strong Vermont second growth white ash, outer piece sturdy oak, inlaid with walnut. Depressed ebonized throat reinforced with thick white ash. Bound at shoulders, also at end of ash reinforcement with strong silk winding. Four-sided cedar corrugated handles in assorted sizes. Weight 13 to 14½ ounces. Strung with very best lamb gut.

Price \$12.50



Model O.W.F.

Oval frame with double strip of choice Vermont second-growth white ash. Inlaid with red fibre. Depressed walnut throat reinforced with white ash, also reinforced on shoulders with red fibre. Again reinforced at shoulders with very best silk winding. Four-sided cedar corrugated handles in assorted sizes. Weight 13 to 14½ ounces. Strung with very best lamb gut.

Price \$12.50

To enjoy tennis and to play a good game you must have a good racket. When you buy a Broadway racket you are getting exceptional value. These rackets are made on honor all the way through. Go to your dealer and compare the Broadway rackets with rackets of any other make; you will easily recognize the difference. If dealer where you live does not handle Broadway rackets remit to us, and we will fill your order direct from the factory.

Broadway Tennis Racket Mfg. Co., Inc.
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

eat could hide, and surround it with chicken wire. When you drain the pond for the winter cover the lily plants with a mulch of leaves six or eight inches deep and lay boards across the top of the basin to prevent the leaves from blowing away.

White				
32	31	30	29	
28	27	26	25	
24	23	22	21	
20	19	18	17	
16	15	14	13	
12	11	10	9	
8	7	6	5	
4	3	2	1	

THE GAME OF CHECKERS

Stroke Problems Continued

Reference board, showing how the squares are numbered.

PRACTICE in stroke problems gives the student an idea of the possibilities for brilliant checker play. He learns to study the situation before him to see if it does not afford the opportunity by a few moves to smother an opponent in a corner or make him spread out his pieces in such uniform manner that they are an easy set-up for a single board-sweeping take. The most evidently logical move is not always the one that leads to the quickest win. What at first glance seems a preposterous move is frequently the one that puts the far-sighted player in position to win at a stroke. Do not give up the possibilities of any play until you have studied it attentively and see clearly into what situation it will lead you. By this practice the student learns that the loss of a few men is no sacrifice if by it he can gain the position to win.

Position No. 1 White					Position No. 2 White				
32	31	30	29		32	31	30	29	
28	27	26	25		28	27	26	25	
24	23	22	21		24	23	22	21	
20	19	18	17		20	19	18	17	
16	15	14	13		16	15	14	13	
12	11	10	9		12	11	10	9	
8	7	6	5		8	7	6	5	
4	3	2	1		4	3	2	1	

Position No. 3 White					Position No. 4 White				
32	31	30	29		32	31	30	29	
28	27	26	25		28	27	26	25	
24	23	22	21		24	23	22	21	
20	19	18	17		20	19	18	17	
16	15	14	13		16	15	14	13	
12	11	10	9		12	11	10	9	
8	7	6	5		8	7	6	5	
4	3	2	1		4	3	2	1	

Position No. 5 White					Position No. 6 White				
32	31	30	29		32	31	30	29	
28	27	26	25		28	27	26	25	
24	23	22	21		24	23	22	21	
20	19	18	17		20	19	18	17	
16	15	14	13		16	15	14	13	
12	11	10	9		12	11	10	9	
8	7	6	5		8	7	6	5	
4	3	2	1		4	3	2	1	

Position No. 7 White					Position No. 8 White				
32	31	30	29		32	31	30	29	
28	27	26	25		28	27	26	25	
24	23	22	21		24	23	22	21	
20	19	18	17		20	19	18	17	
16	15	14	13		16	15	14	13	
12	11	10	9		12	11	10	9	
8	7	6	5		8	7	6	5	
4	3	2	1		4	3	2	1	

SOLUTIONS				
Position No. 1.				
7-11	9-2	14-9	32-7	Black wins
12-3	11-16	13-6	4-8	
20-24	19-12	23-27	etc.	
Position No. 2.				
18-15	6-13	10-6	4-11	White wins
12-19	26-23	1-19	7-21	
5-9	19-26	11-7		
Position No. 3.				
13-9	30-25	6-9	9-11	White wins.
5-14	21-30	30-23		
Position No. 4.				
10-14	16-7	14-17	22-15	26-12
13-6	5-9	13-22	23-26	Black wins
24-27	6-13	15-18	32-23	

Position No. 5.				
23-19	2-9	26-23	5-9	11-15
15-24	17-14	18-27	8-11	White wins
1-6	9-18	4-8	9-14	
Position No. 6.				
12-8	19-26	27-24	10-17	8-29
3-12	21-17	20-27	4-8	White wins
26-23	12-19	17-14	1-10	
Position No. 7.				
11-16	30-23	16-11	20-16	Black wins
24-20	6-10	7-16	17-14	
23-26	14-7	12-17		
Position No. 8.				
24-27	11-2	18-22	30-23	Black wins
2-9	10-6	25-27	12-26	
27-31	1-10	31-22		

THE HIGH-SCHOOL PERIODICAL

III. Mechanical Details

THE amount of money available for running expenses, the ability of the board to collect and prepare material and the interest of the school in the periodical should all be considered by the editor before he decides just how often his publication shall appear. If the periodical assumes the newspaper form, once a week will not be too frequent; if, on the other hand, it is to be a magazine, once a month or once every six weeks has been found to be often enough. Some school editors decide in advance to bring out eight numbers during the year, leaving the interval between them to be determined by circumstances. That scheme has the advantage of permitting the issue of special numbers to be sold to the crowds that attend the big football or baseball game of the year or that gather in commemoration of some school anniversary; but it is dangerous because it permits the editor to procrastinate and may result in his omitting some promised issue and thus cheating advertisers.

If the school offers a course in printing, it is well to consider the plan of allowing the students to set and print their own paper. When a professional job printer must be chosen the manager should get estimates and bids from several plants and weigh the apparent advantages of each bid before he places his contract. Even if the same printer has done the work for the paper for a number of years, it does no harm to look round a bit and compare prices. Certain plants make a specialty of printing school periodicals and can bid much more advantageously than others that may be nearer at hand. In very small schools or in grammar grades mimeographed or hectographed issues are frequently the best solution. In preparing papers by one of those processes it is important to avoid all errors in making the typewritten copy, or stencil, and to refrain from printing so many sheets that the last ones are indistinct or illegible.

Discuss all the mechanical details of printing your periodical with the printer. Find out why he advises your using one kind of paper rather than another, why he likes a two-column page, why he chooses the particular font of type that he recommends to you. Make sure that he will deliver your paper to you on time. Do not let your magazine become top-heavy with too much material of the same sort. If you are forced to use in one number a preponderant amount of fiction, restore the balance by using less fiction in the succeeding numbers. In general, retain the same sequence of features in each number or, if you change, change only one feature at a time. Some of the cuts for headings and tailpieces used by last year's board may be used again from time to time, but new ones should be introduced frequently, and the entire stock may well be changed by the end of the year.

"Blurbs," or cleverly-written summaries of stories and articles, may improve your paper and give it a progressive appearance, but, on the other hand, they may considerably increase the cost of printing. Think over their advantages and disadvantages and the advisability of adding new features of a sort similar to those which the popular professional magazines are introducing.

It is well to supply the printer with typewritten copy as nearly in the final form as possible. Carefully compute the number of words necessary to fill the available space and do not have a lot of extra matter set. Correct the long galley proofs carefully, making use of the recognized proof reader's symbols, given in almost any dictionary, and return them intact to the printer unless you have previously told him that you will make your own "dummy." In that case you will proceed to cut up the galley proof and paste it on blank sheets of paper corresponding in size, number and arrangement to the pages of the completed magazine. Perhaps the printer will send you page proofs containing your galley corrections; if so, go over them carefully and return them at once. Perhaps he will make up the finished magazine from your galley proof.

If you have any considerable list of subscribers to whom you must mail the publication, it may be worth your while to enter it as second-class matter at your local post office in order to get the lower postal rates granted to publishers. Whether you mail the paper or deliver it in person be sure that every subscriber gets his copy on time so that no one may be disgruntled.

How to be glad

When you want baseballs, mitts, gloves, masks, bats, or anything of the nature of sporting goods, insist on getting



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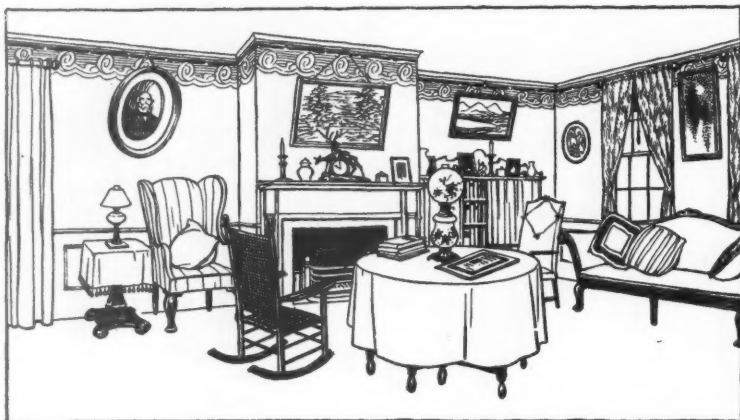


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They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE
EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



RENOVATING AN OLD-FASHIONED ROOM

THERE are two ways of renovating an old-fashioned room, and which to use depends on the conditions of the room. If it is simply a storehouse of useless pieces, a jumble of things neither new nor venerable, the best way to treat it is to clear it out. If it is in an old-fashioned house of generous proportions and dignified lines and has a few good colonial pieces, yet lacks the general dignity and simplicity so characteristic of the pre-Revolutionary period, the best plan is a discreet restoration. Let us consider this second kind of room first.

The best way to modernize a really old-fashioned room is systematically and consistently to put it back at least a hundred years. To do that it is not at all necessary to insist on reproducing accurately some particular period, but it is imperative so to harmonize its characteristics, softening and heightening them by appropriate accessories, as to regain that sense of proportion, balance and beauty of line that are so frequently lacking in our modern cluttered rooms.

Nearly every house has enough old furniture, inherited or acquired by purchase, to make a start toward a room with true, old-fashioned atmosphere. Let us begin then by banishing from it the onyx table, the draped easel, the plush divan, the milking stool painted with daisies, the flowered chenille portières, the crayon portraits and the meaningless bric-a-brac of the clumsy mid-Victorian days. You have now to deal with a low-ceilinged, four-square room with fireplace, centre table, sofa and whatever good antiques you can assemble from other parts of the house. When picking the pieces to remain remember that a thing is not necessarily beautiful merely because it is old. A crude, clumsy thing, worn and chipped beyond restoration, has no decorative value.

THE LARGEST PIECES

Give the pieces that have the greatest beauty of line the best positions, and so arrange them that the eye will be attracted either to one of the largest of them or else to the fireplace. If you have no old-fashioned sofa, you can sometimes make admirable use of a refined settee. If there is wall space for the sofa, put it at right angles to the fireplace, with a small table or a candlestand at one end for books, magazines or a reading lamp. A little old-fashioned cricket in front of one end will give a comfortable look to the room. If you cannot find either a sofa or a settee, place a big wing chair and a table at one side of the hearth.

If the centre table is of the long, drop-leaf or gate-legged variety, it will perhaps look well behind the sofa with one leaf dropped and its lamp supplying the necessary reading light. If it does not fit well into the picture there, draw it a little closer to the fireplace and flank it on either side with comfortable chairs. Since in the pre-rocking-chair days of our grandmothers chairs were more often dignified than comfortable, supplement the old pieces with a few restful, wicker chairs with cushions of chintz that match the other pieces. They are notably "good mixers" and, with a few reproductions of the many kinds of Windsor chairs, will be found to combine comfort and quaintness. Set the stiff, slat-back chairs against the walls. If you are fortunate enough to have a folding antique card table, place it between two windows with one leaf resting against the wall, and put on it two brass candlesticks, one at each end.

Avoid obstructing the main pathways of the room with furniture, and avoid as you would the plague the cater-cornered arrangement of

furniture or rugs, for it spoils the general lines of the rooms.

In fireplace furnishings you can most practically combine beauty and usefulness. Put candlesticks of glass or brass or grandoles with prisms on the mantel with a mirror above them, but keep the arrangement severely simple. If the ottomans have been banished as "shin crackers," reinstate them if possible, one on each side of the fireplace.

If you cannot afford to send your old pieces of furniture to a good finisher, do not be misled into varnishing them. Far better the time-dulled surface that shows generations of intimate use than the specious glitter of the latest glossy enamel! Sometimes you can get good effects by washing each piece carefully with a rag wrung out of tepid water, drying it immediately, covering it with wax and after half an hour rubbing it off and polishing it with a clean, soft cloth. That, with frequent rubbings with a good furniture polish, will remove fingermarks and give a carefully-kept look to the furniture.

THE OLD-TIME ATMOSPHERE

Having achieved beauty of line and dignified charm in the main furnishings, see what else you can do to intensify the old-time atmosphere that you are seeking. First, consider the walls, for everything gains or loses according to the background that we give it. A reproduction of a scenic or landscape paper such as our forefathers imported or a white wainscotted room with paneled walls would be the most characteristically colonial, but for the ordinary purse are too expensive. Next in attractiveness against white woodwork come the softly-blended foliage papers, the two-toned papers and in rare cases the plain papers that give almost the same effect that the narrow-striped colonial papers give. Soft grays or tans are better than more decided shades, and those in which the plain effect is made up of blended colors are less harsh than the papers that are strictly plain. Have no ceiling papers; kalsomine in a lustreless white is better. Nor should there be any borders; place next the ceiling a narrow moulding that matches the interior woodwork.

As to carpets, much depends upon the particular old fashion you are trying to copy. If it is of the homely, farmhouse kind, rag rugs, braided rugs and hooked rugs are suitable. If the floors are of hard wood, Oriental rugs in subdued tones are permissible, though not really in keeping. If the house is very old and has the original wide floor boards, you will do well to keep to the period in which they were laid. Sometimes it is more expedient not to emphasize the floor, but to paint it a flat, neutral color and cover it with a large central rug of seamless carpeting, the soft shades of which will harmonize with the tones of the wall paper. Such carpeting comes from six to fifteen feet in width and is a material that can often be used to great advantage.

DAYLIGHT AND LAMPLIGHT

Overdraperies of chintz or cretonne, especially those which have old-time patterns, are excellent for the windows, for they give color, soften the severity of line and harmonize well with the covers of the sofa, the chairs and the cushions.

To get genuine colonial lamps you will doubtless have to ransack both garret and cellar. A severely simple mantelpiece with grandoles, or candlesticks with tall, dipped candles, may be made to supply the general lighting, but you will need reading lamps also. A humble stoneware pickle jar in a tan or gray, decorated with a primitive picture of a bird, has been known to make a suitable lamp if topped with a

Two views of the same old-fashioned room, showing the admirable results brought about by a good deal of rearrangement, some elimination and a little addition

shade of soft tinted silk, Japanese grasscloth or colonial glass. The old-fashioned glass lamps, the whale oil lamps or even the old carboys, especially if accompanied with engraved crystal shades, are attractive, old-fashioned and genuine-looking even when given modern electrical fittings.

There should be few pictures; any good old portraits or silhouettes, old engravings or framed samplers are most suitable. Few things so often strike a false note as pictures—not because they are bad in themselves but because they are aggressively modern and look the anachronisms they are.

Next come the accessories that you have perhaps been hoarding a long time for lack of suitable surroundings. Properly placed, they will aid greatly in accentuating the old-time look of your new-old room. If you can find any hand-made H-hinges, fire screens, curtain pulls, bead mats, snuffers, quaint, flowered china vases, or even glass bottles, stoneware pitchers or toby jugs for an old-fashioned posy, cross-stitch tops for the footstools, even tidies that are well made, —almost any old piece in fact that is beautiful in itself,—assemble them here and see how they look. Then intensify the old-fashioned look by covering the seats of some of the stiff chairs with the "wool work" of our grandmothers, now so much in demand under the name of "petit point." (An article on "petit point" appeared in the Family Page for February 17, 1921.)

When you have settled the general plan of your room, carefully consider its color. If the hues are too monotonous, enliven them a little with a bold bit of color in your accessories. If they seem too striking, remove the most obnoxious offender and add a note of green, the universal blender.

THE FINAL SURVEY

When making your final survey, ask yourself these questions: Can I make this room more consistent, more inviting, more comfortable? Remember that you are not trying to produce a room that shall be a mere triumph of the decorator's art, a stiff showpiece of impersonal correctness; you are trying to group what you happen to have in such harmonious relationship that they make an artistic, restful, livable room in which are reflected the traditions and charm of days long past.

MOTTO FOR A DINING ROOM

A small edition of reprints of the *Motto for a Dining Room*, from the Family Page of September, 1923, is available for subscribers. The reprints, in sepia and black, are on beveled cards of fine stock. Orders for one copy will be filled so long as the supply lasts. Send orders to The Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.; inclose ten cents and give the name and address to which your copy of The Companion goes.

HOW TO RAISE RHUBARB

RHUBARB—"pie plant," it is often called—can be grown by anyone who has a few square feet of ground to cultivate. It thrives in a deep, rich, moist soil, but almost any good soil can be made to do.

It is possible to grow rhubarb from seed, but the results are not always satisfactory; it is better to get rooted plants from a well-tried variety. The soil should be manured and thoroughly prepared, and the plants should be set out in the spring four feet apart. Dig holes large enough to accommodate the

roots and place the plants so that the tip of the bud will just reach the surface after the soil has been leveled round the plant. Pour fine soil round the roots until the hole is half full and tramp it down firmly. Finish filling the hole, tramp on it again and then pile a little loose soil on top round the plant.

Cultivation should begin as soon as the plants start to grow. It should be repeated after every rain as soon as the ground is dry enough, or, if the weather is dry, every ten days through the season. Cultivation toward the end of the summer is important, since that is the time when the plant is storing up food in its roots for the growth of the stems the following spring.

No stems should be pulled the first season, for the young plants are not strong enough. The second spring all stems may be pulled as soon as each one has grown a large leaf. Never cut the stalks, but pull them; but be careful not to injure the buds that are starting.

When more than four buds appear on a plant cut down vertically with a spade and remove the surplus buds. You can use them to increase your own stock, or you can sell them. If the thinning is not properly attended to, the roots soon become weak and produce only small stems, and the plant eventually dies.

If the stalks grow thick and vigorous but remain short, take the remains of an old basket from which the bottom has been removed and turn it over the clump. In pushing upward toward the light the stalks will grow long and will partly bleach themselves into a lighter shade and greater tenderness.

COOKING FOR INVALIDS

ALWAYS prepare foods for the sick in the most careful and attractive manner. In sickness the senses are unusually acute and far more susceptible to the annoyance of careless preparation and arrangement than in health.

Serving foods attractively may make a stronger appeal to the appetite than choosing them judiciously or preparing them skillfully. Remember that, as foods must be carried from the kitchen to the sick room, they should be placed in deep dishes, especially liquids.

Place all hot foods in warm, covered dishes so that they will be hot when they reach the bedside. Cold foods should be set in a dish of cracked ice if they are to be served very cold; if only medium cold, they should not be allowed to come in contact with the hot dishes on the tray.

For serving the sick, only the daintiest china available should be used. The tray should be spread with the cleanest and whitest of linen, and if the patient has a contagious disease a paper napkin should be used and immediately destroyed. Any remaining bits of food should also be burned, and the dishes should be sterilized by covering them with cold water, which should be gradually brought to a hard boil, or, if the china is too delicate for that, two sets should be used, and after each serving all the dishes should be scalded and set in the sun.

CHOOSING FOODS FOR THE SICK

Choosing and preparing food for the sick is the most important branch of culinary art. To know just what foods to select requires a thorough knowledge of the nature of the disease and the chemistry of nutrition. In severe illness, however, the physician prescribes exactly the diet of the patient, and it is the housekeeper's duty to follow the physician's orders. But frequently the housekeeper not only prepares but selects the food for an indisposed member of the household; in either case the following suggestions should be kept in mind.

Methods of preparing foods for the sick vary little from methods of preparing foods for those in health. The greatest difference is in the choice of the foods to be prepared. Choose

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easily-digested dishes and prepare them in such a way that they will be easily digested. Since digesting is nothing more than dissolving, it follows that liquid foods are digested with the least effort; hence the preponderance of liquids and semiliquids in the diet of invalids.

Foods that are digested with difficulty are pastry, fried foods, heavy sauces, pork, veal, lobster and baked beans. Foods easily digested are eggs, uncooked or soft, cereals, softened toast and many others that are semisolid in their nature.

Special attention should be given to foods that appeal to the appetite of the invalid, and, even though foods are served under the direction of a physician, the likes and dislikes of a patient should be observed. If the only food he may have is distasteful to him, it may be disguised, as, for example, eggs, which are a valuable and nutritious food. If they are distasteful, they can be slipped into a gruel or cocoa, as in the receipts given below.

Always prepare less food for a sick than for a well person. A small portion daintily served will sometimes tempt the appetite, whereas, if the invalid is confronted with a large quantity, he will not eat at all; and sometimes a lessened quantity of any easily-digested food is all that is needed to effect complete recovery.

Little if any food is needed for one at complete rest, but some energy is necessary to carry on the activities of the body—the beating of the heart, the functioning of the lungs and other organs.

For a very sick patient food served in small quantities but frequently is necessary, unless the attending physician has given orders to the contrary.

PREPARING SPECIAL FOODS FOR THE SICK AND THE CONVALESCENT

Milk. Milk is one of the most important foods for an invalid, because it is a liquid and therefore easily digested, and because it contains valuable nutrients. It is often used in a predigested condition called "junket," as peptonized milk and as malted milk. Buttermilk, kumiss and matozon are agreeable and beneficial to the sick, and in some cases they take the place of whole milk. Frozen creams and desserts are forms of milk that the sick usually relish.

Eggs. Next to milk eggs are the best of foods for the sick and the convalescent, and the variety of ways in which they can be cooked and served adds to their value as a sick-room food. Eggs combined with milk, with cereals (rice pudding and gruels) and with toast make excellent foods for the sick.

Gruels. Gruels are one of the best foods for the sick. In preparing them it is well to remember that they can be seasoned in many ways; in fact, the distaste of the average patient for gruels comes from their being so seldom properly seasoned. They can be flavored with whole spices, meat extracts, fruits, such as raisins or currents, or lemon peel. The flavor of the whole spices or fruits is extracted by cooking them with the gruel. If nutmeg is used, it is grated over the surface.

Gruels should be of the consistency of cream soup and can be made of cornmeal, oatmeal, barley, rice and flour (graham, whole wheat and gluten) as well as arrowroot and crushed crackers. Either water or a combination of water and milk is added in the proportion of one tablespoonful of cereal to one cupful of liquid, stirred in gradually, brought to a boil and then strained.

Broth and Meat. Although there is little nourishment in meat broths, beef tea is often used as a food for the sick. It is stimulating and grateful to the appetite and affords a change of diet when only liquids may be served. To make beef tea soak chopped beef in water for at least one hour, using one pint of water to one pound of lean beef. Cook the mixture slightly over hot water until it becomes a reddish brown color. Stir in constantly while it is cooking, strain it through a coarse strainer, season it and serve it at once.

Beef juice is easily made and is very nourishing. Cut the meat into small pieces and heat it slightly. Extract the juice by means of a meat press or a lemon squeezer. Meat pulp is prepared by scraping with a dull knife a piece of raw or underdone round steak. Add salt and, if you wish, the raw yolk of an egg.

Weak Tea for Thirst. Weak, cold tea made by steeping about three tea leaves in a cup of boiling water for two minutes is useful in quenching thirst in a baby, particularly a baby suffering from diarrhea, for the tea has a decided astringent property.

Albumin Water. Add the white of one raw egg to one-half pint of water. Pour both egg and water into a clean bottle and shake it well.

Junket. Heat one-half pint of fresh cow's milk to a temperature of about 115° F., add one teaspoonful of essence of pepsin and stir it just enough to mix the two. Pour it into cups and let it stand in a cool place until it is firmly curdled. Serve it plain or with a little sugar.

Nutritious Orangeade. Beat the white of one raw egg with one teaspoonful of sugar; add the juice of an orange and five ounces of water.

Barley Water. Barley water is often permitted when no other food is allowed. To make it add one tablespoonful of pearl barley to one quart of cold water; boil it two hours; add water from time to time. Strain it and add enough boiled water to make one quart.

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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many troubles, local and internal.

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PREPARING FOR CLASS DAY

The Outdoor Play



THE outdoor theatre has a particular use and charm of its own, but for groups of people who have no permanent open-air place in which to stage an amateur play there are still opportunities in lawn and garden and even on a veranda.

If you wish to present a play out of doors, be sure first of all that you choose one that is suitable. Most modern plays would lose essential qualities by being so presented. The distractions of an open-air performance, the difficulties of lighting the stage and shifting the scenery, the problem of seating the spectators comfortably, should be carefully considered.

Fortunately, some plays are much more effective artistically when presented out of doors: many of Shakespeare's dramas; plays of the fancy that include music and dancing; Greek plays, which usually have a simple plot and little stage "business"; masques and pageants. Certain occasions seem to call for production out of doors; for example, the Fourth of July, May Day and Midsummer Eve. Class Day is a particularly suitable time for presenting the outdoor play, and there are few schools or colleges that have not a hill or grassy terrace that forms a charming natural theatre.

CHOOSING THE PLACE

In choosing the site for the performance carefully look over the facilities for staging, lighting and seating. Choose a place where the spectators can be seated on a gentle slope; or, if the seats must be on level ground, make the stage at least three and a half feet high. If you have to build a stage, cover the whole of it with green, and strew it with leaves and pine needles, so that it will not contrast in an ugly way with the natural setting. The spectators should never face the west if the play is to be produced in the afternoon, because the setting sun would shine directly in their eyes. If possible, let them face the north, and hold the performance two hours before sunset, when the pictorial effect is most beautiful.

For an informal presentation improvised seats will serve. Place all the camp stools and folding chairs in the rear, where they will not interfere with the view of those in front, who can sit on cushions or matting, floor canvas, or even newspapers. Rough seats or boxes and planks can be civilized a little in appearance by covering them with rugs.

The stage should not be less than fifteen by thirty feet in size. If there is no natural barrier between it and the "house," its limits should be marked by rows of stones or by lime or tape. Such marking will help the actors and keep the spectators from creeping too close to the scene. A chain of ivy or of laurel or a rope of vines makes a decorative barrier.

THE FLOOR OF THE STAGE

The floor of the stage should be the grass or the level ground. It is a mistake to have a long or beautiful vista for a background; it diverts attention from the stage, which rather should be closed in with shrubs or a hedge, or with an artificial back drop of rugs and draperies, or with screens, which can be made either of frames covered with foliage or with dark green or tan burlap. To make foliage screens set thin posts in the ground at the right places, paint them green, tack chicken wire to them and twine the leaves and flowers in and out through the wire. Stack small pine trees against them, or, if you want the theatre to be a permanent one, plant Boston ivy or Virginia creeper. You can make a cyclorama by stringing wire in a semicircular pattern through the branches of the trees or from improvised posts and hanging over it drapery in soft folds. It is thus possible to make the setting effective by changing the curtains between acts, as the mood of the play changes, using a bright color or a darker one to suit the action. Cheesecloth, dyed to the right color, is suitable and inexpensive material.

If you are presenting a pageant or a May Day performance on a rather large scale, the long vista, which is a drawback to an ordinary play, may be an advantage, because it makes the entrance of processions and players from the rear more effective. Tall vases and painted pillars, if they are suited to the nature of the play, will set off the stage and mark the entrances and exits. The wings and the dressing rooms should be well concealed; nothing is more amateurish than a peeping actor or a prompter who can be seen.

A curtain is seldom feasible, and a bugle or a violin should announce the opening of the scenes, or heralds in costume should come



dancing in and go through the pantomime of drawing aside an imaginary curtain.

If the performance is to be held at night, electricity furnishes the simplest way to light the stage, but the lamps should be concealed so as to avoid throwing a glare in the faces of the spectators. If there are footlights, they should be shielded by boards or logs or set in empty cans open only toward the stage. A better plan is to have no footlights but to use reflectors to throw the rays in from the sides and if possible down from above. Two automobiles, one on each side of the stage, with their headlights turned on full, will light a small stage adequately, and the lights can be dimmed to give a softer effect, as for an evening scene. Acetylene-gas lamps can be used. It is best to experiment with several ways of lighting and to arrange the details before the night of the performance. Separate batteries can be used, if necessary, instead of electric wiring; one amateur company that presented a Japanese play depended wholly for the lighting on bulbs with separate batteries concealed in Japanese lanterns. Torches are the simplest and the most natural and effective of all lighting arrangements, but they require much care and should be used only when there is some one who is experienced in lighting to take charge of them.

REHEARSALS

Rehearsals of the play should be specially directed toward meeting the problems of an outdoor production. Cues are not enough; the assistance of pantomime and gesture are needed, since the speeches are not so easily heard in the wings. Take particular care with the grouping. The action should take place toward the front of the stage, and the actors should be directed to throw their voices rather than to shout.

A director, a stage manager, a property man, a prompter and a call-boy are necessary, as they are in every play, but in small productions one person can often fill several of the positions. More ushers than usual, more persons in charge of wraps and other accommodations, should be provided for. A pageant needs group leaders and persons to relay cues. There will be plenty of small boys who will be glad to act as messengers.

A performance that is staged simply should pay its own expenses and even make a little money. The cost of producing the play may be anything from the smallest sum to a considerable figure, depending upon the extent to which those who are interested contribute their services and lend "properties." An admission fee can be charged, but it should not be large; and at an afternoon performance cool drinks and ice cream can be made a legitimate source of profit.

There is no reason why a group of amateur players by giving several performances should not make money enough to get up a small but permanent outdoor theatre and furnish it with scenery, a lighting system and from fifty to two hundred folding chairs.

VULCANIZING TUBES

A SCHOOL girl who disliked needlework, and who had no skill in other domestic tasks, was nevertheless eager to earn some money. One day when she was spending the afternoon with a girl friend she noticed her friend's brother at work in the garage. He had just finished mending the inner tube of a tire and was preparing to vulcanize another puncture. He placed the tube, with a bit of rubber covering the puncture, under a small iron cup containing two ounces of gasoline. The gas was

lighted and allowed to burn for about twenty minutes. When the tube was removed it showed a complete union of tube and patch.

That evening the girl asked her father what he did with his tire tubes when they needed repairs. She found that he took them to the garage to be mended. She told him that, if he would buy the vulcanizer, she would mend his tires and pay him for the machine. He agreed. The outfit cost two dollars, and after the tubes that she mended had been tested and found to be all right, her little business career was launched.

She carried one of the vulcanized tubes to a neighbor. He was pleased with her frank, businesslike manner and found it a great convenience to have his work done near by. She charged thirty-five cents for each hole that she vulcanized, and she soon had a remunerative and continuous business among the car owners of the neighborhood.

A MONEY-MADE UMBRELLA

THE umbrella that stands out in the hall and drips is all very well for a shower, but for the rainy day that the savings banks tell us about the best provision is an umbrella with a greenback. It is made of paper, stamped



with a patriotic design, and it slides into its rack, and the rack slides into an envelope, and the envelope is addressed to the person who is having a birthday or who is to receive a surprise gift.

You can make this rainproof umbrella for a friend yourself. Draw the handle, the tip and the scroll (as shown in the illustration or according to your own design) on a piece of stout cardboard and slit along the dotted lines. Then take a dollar or two-dollar or whatever-dollar bill,

7½ inches long and 3½ inches wide, and fold it into the shape of the body of the umbrella. Slip the small end of it through the wide slit and pull it down until the tip catches under the small slit at the bottom.

That is the only dollar umbrella on the market which even a lady need not be ashamed of, but you can make it as expensive as you are generous.

Everyone knows that it takes a bill to pay a bill, and we know of no present that so surely fills the bill.

COLLECTING WILD FLOWER NAMES

AN American on a walking tour in England asked the country people the common names of the wild plants of the vicinity. He found that both the children and the adults were well acquainted with the wild flowers, but that the names they gave him were often different from any that he could find in books. Many of them were poetic or quaintly descriptive, and some had historical associations.

After returning to America the man continued to take walking tours and to follow the practice of collecting the every day names of plants and flowers. Our American wild flowers, like those of England, are connected with our national life, as is seen in the names that the common people give to the plants of our

roadsides, fields and woods. The number and the significance of the names have been only partly studied, and there are probably more of them that have never been recorded than are set down in books.

In collecting the names it is not safe to accept every answer to an inquiry as being useful to your purpose, because some of the names may be only the expression of personal fancies. "I don't know just what the right name is," a wayside acquaintance will sometimes say, "but I call it so-and-so." If others conversant with plants in the same neighborhood recognize the name when they hear it you can know that you have a true folk name.

In the record enter the scientific name, the popular name, the neighborhood where it bears that name and the reason why it bears it—if you can discover the reason.

Have a botanist identify your specimens if you do not know them. Communicate your discoveries from time to time to your local natural history club or to a plant journal, as a contribution to the knowledge of our national folklore.

Canoeing for Girls

It is in the Girls' Page for May

THE TROMBONE

THE trombone is a simple but powerful brass instrument, of the trumpet family, to which it furnishes the natural alto, tenor and bass. It is one of the noblest of orchestral instruments and, with the exception of the stringed instruments, is the most perfect in tone.

The perfection of tone is owing to the possibility of varying the length of the air column by the sliding of one part of the tube of the instrument upon the fixed tube—a device, that, dating back to the seventh century B.C., was used in the sackbut, the predecessor of the trombone.

The mechanism of the instrument was virtually perfect by the beginning of the sixteenth century; but it was not established in the orchestra until the end of the eighteenth century.

The trombone family has had four members—the E-flat alto, the B-flat tenor, the F-, G- or E-flat bass and the contrabass; but the alto has fallen into disuse, and the contrabass is used but seldom. The tenor trombone is most in use; some orchestras use two tenor trombones and a bass, while others use three tenor instruments, one of which plays the alto part, another the tenor and the third the bass.

The tenor trombone may be thought of as a brass tube about nine feet long, small at one end and much enlarged at the other, bent back at both ends in U-shaped curves until the sides lie parallel with each other. The larger end overlaps the smaller for less than half the length of the trombone, and the whole length is about four feet. The mouthpiece, which is a small, hemispherical brass cup, lies several inches below the upper curve of the trombone.

The instrument is made in three parts: the first two-thirds of the tube has a small cylindrical bore and consists of two equal parallel tubes called the "legs," connected by a small crossbar near the mouthpiece; the second, the "slide," has a crossbar at the upper end and a U-shaped curve at the lower and is fitted to move easily on the legs; the third, the "bell-joint," has a conical bore and ends in a flaring

enlargement called the "bell," which joins the smaller tube near the mouthpiece.

The player moves the slide with his right hand and holds the instrument with his left hand by the crossbar near the mouthpiece.

The lips of the player, stretched across the ribs of the mouthpiece as he blows into the instrument, serve as vibrating reeds, a difference in the tension of the lips and in the pressure of the breath being necessary to produce different notes. Of the seven fundamental positions of the slide, upon each of which the player can build the various notes of the harmonic series, the first is the "closed position." The other six, a semitone apart, are produced by moving the slide outward, in the production of the lowest harmonic series the arm being almost extended. Since the positions must be corrected by ear, the demands on the ear in playing the trombone are as rigid as in playing the violin. Unless hands, lips, and brain work together, the trombonist will produce most unpleasant sounds.

Throughout its whole compass of two and a half octaves the quality of tone is good. The trombone is most agile in its middle register. In its modulative power, being able to pass from very light to very powerful sounds, it is the only one of the brass instruments that approaches the stringed instruments. In relative power it ranks next to the bass instruments of the orchestra.

Beautiful in its polished and engraved brass, the trombone may be plated with silver or gold and consequently varies in price from seventy to a hundred and seventy dollars.

The tone is brilliant and penetrating. The instrument has great dramatic possibilities; it can reflect religious calm, inspire, exult, threaten or acclaim martial glory. It is especially effective in sombre passages. Sometimes pompous, it has so much of nobility and grandeur that it is chief of the wind instruments in depicting heroic emotions and in expressing the deep, powerful accents of high musical poetry; hence it is called an epic instrument.

Because the use of the slide prevents rapidity of execution, the trombone is used especially in slow and dignified music. It is capable of sustained notes, is good in staccato passages, and is at its best in playing chords. A quartet of trombones is most effective in a simple four-part harmony. Two tenor trombones can be used with advantage in a quartet with two trumpets.

The trombone is seldom used as a solo instrument except in military bands, where the player of the first trombone is sometimes allowed to display his virtuosity. Some military bands employ the valve trombone, in which the length of the air column is changed by means of three valves or pistons. This instrument admits of greater ease and rapidity of execution, but the tone of the valve trombone is decidedly inferior to that of the slide trombone.

The trombone is not a heavy instrument, nor does it require unusual strength to produce tone on it; but it does require a good knowledge of music. It is of advantage to have, at the start, a knowledge of some other instrument, such as the piano. Then four years of work should give the student a good knowledge of the trombone. To gain knowledge of both music and instrument requires a much longer time.

The trombone merits the consideration of any musician, for it is essential both to the band and to the orchestra.

GARDEN LABELS

MOST garden labels are unsatisfactory because the names become obliterated so quickly. There is a method, however, by which labels can be prepared at home so that they will remain legible for ten years or more. It is only necessary to buy a sheet of zinc and to cut it into labels of whatever size you may desire. A hole, or better still two holes, can be punched in one end for the wires, which should be of copper. Strips already cut and punched can be bought for a few cents if the gardener desires to avoid the labor of preparing them.

Zinc labels have usually been marked with a prepared ink, but that is not necessary. If the labels are exposed to the elements for a few weeks until they become oxidized the writing can be done with an ordinary lead pencil. Oxidization can also be produced by immersing the labels in a bath of salt water for a few days.

Although the results by this method are generally satisfactory, still better ones can be obtained by painting the zinc with a good gray paint after they have been oxidized. The paint should be thick and can be put on with a cloth, and the writing should be done when the paint is only partly dry.

TRIANGLE PIN

THIS game is particularly suitable for a small party, for it combines physical dexterity with the pleasurable excitement of competition. The requisite equipment is simple, and the possibilities for amusement are great.

Draw a right-angled triangle one inch in from each of the four corners of a fairly-stiff piece of letter-size paper. Make the sides that form the right angles each one and one-half inches long. Place a common pin in the centre of the sheet.

The object of the contest is to see which of the players can shake the pin into one triangle after another in the shortest time. Each participant must get the pin wholly within one triangle before he proceeds to the next in order. Should the pin fall from the sheet or touch the player's fingers, he loses his turn.

A GARDEN FOR BUTTERFLIES

BUTTERFLIES are friendly creatures. If you give them an invitation, they will fill your garden; but the invitation must be of the right kind, which means that you must grow the sort of flowers that butterflies like. Fortunately, most flowers that appeal to them are brilliant and beautiful, so that planning a garden that will win the gaudy butterflies by day and the more sombrely dressed moths at night becomes a delightful undertaking.

Butterflies and moths must be classed together in the butterfly garden, but there is an easy way to distinguish them. Most butterflies fold their wings over their backs when they alight on a flower, in order to hide the gorgeous coloring of the upper parts from their enemies, the birds. The moths, on the contrary, rest with their wings spread, for most of them are creatures of the night, and therefore are abroad only when the birds are abed.

Most alluring to the butterflies of all the garden flowers is a shrub from China known as *Buddleia variabilis magnifica*, or summer lilac, but commonly called the butterfly bush. Its lilac-colored blossoms grow in long, graceful spikes from the first of July until the frost comes; new branches are continually springing up from the base of the plant, and every branch has a flower raceme at the end of it. The shrub blooms the first season, and the flowers are excellent for cutting; but one of the chief charms of the buddleia lies in its peculiar fascination for the finest of the butterflies, scores of which will sometimes hover over a single bush.

The summer lilac needs a sunny situation and plenty of water. Though it is hardy, it is well to bank earth round the base of it in the fall. In the spring the branches should be cut down to within six or eight inches of the ground; that is to prepare for the flowers, all of which come on new growth. Even if the plant should seem entirely winter-killed, it will usually come up from the roots in time.

Another garden flower for which not only the butterflies but also the humming birds have a liking is the gorgeous Oswego tea, or bee balm, catalogued as monarda. It is a perennial, and very showy in the months of July and August, when the scarlet flowers seem to flash an invitation, especially to the yellow clover butterfly and the large black-and-tan, which love to probe its blossoms. The common iris is another flower that attracts the clover butterfly.

Some moths fly in the daytime, but many more appear as night draws on. Then is the time to watch the wonderful humming-bird moth, or hawk moth, feast on the nectar of the moonflower, which belongs to the morning-glory family and opens only at the close of the day. It is a fragile white flower with a delicious fragrance, but it has such a long and slender throat that few insects can reach to the bottom where the nectar lies. The hawk moth, however, has a tongue six inches long that, when it is not in use, is coiled up like a watch spring. The insect, poised on quivering wings, pushes its tongue to the very bottom of the long flower tube. The hawk moth is also attracted by the delicate scent of petunias.

Nature's way of using the butterflies for transferring pollen from blossom to blossom is shown in a particularly interesting manner by the showy lady's-slipper, which can easily be domesticated in a shady corner of the garden. The stately wild orchid is visited mostly by a sphinx moth that has a tongue of just the right length to reach the hidden nectar. The sides of the honey tube contain a number of sticky buttons dusted with pollen; when the moth presses his head far into the flower, the buttons come in contact with his face and daub his eyes with pollen. But since he has large, compound eyes he is not greatly inconvenienced and flies away to another flower of the same sort, where some of the pollen is rubbed off; in that way nature's purpose is accomplished.

Asters are desirable in all gardens, and in the late summer they attract the dainty butterfly known as painted beauty, a handsome insect that measures two inches from tip to tip; the under parts of its wings, marbled with brown, gray and white, are powdered with rose-colored spots.

Our largest butterfly is the monarch, often called the milkweed butterfly. It is brown, banded with black; several rows of white spots trim the edges of the wings. The best way to entice the monarch into the garden is to grow red clover, on the blossoms of which it loves to linger. It lays its eggs, however, on the milkweed. In the fall the monarchs go south in enormous companies.

Of course, the flowers that have been named are not the only ones in which butterflies delight. Most flowers that, like the honeysuckle and the morning-glory, have tubes too long for the bees to penetrate, are favorites with the butterflies. The greater the variety of such flowers you have the longer will be your list of visiting butterflies; but there will be a surprisingly large number if you have only the buddleia and the bee balm.



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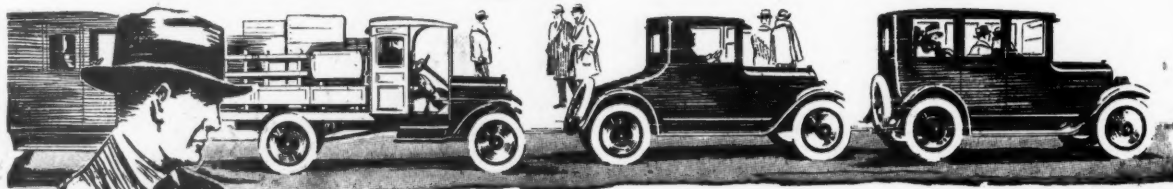
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